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ECHO.

I haunt the woods'
Deep solitudes,
Where the foaming rills
With winding flow
And voices low,
Steal down from the hills;
Where the clustered flowers
On whispering bowers
Hang sweet with dew,
And the drowsy air
Breathe odors rare
The summer through.

When morning's beam
Steals into dream
Of the forest deep,
And music breaks
From the bird that wakes
From happy sleep,
I repeat his song
As it floats along
Among the trees;
My voice replies
And melts and dies
In harmonies.

And when from afar
The evening star,
On the solemn night,
Looks down from the east,
Where the storm has ceased,
With holy light;
When the measured knell
Of the evening bell,
From the distant hill,
With mellow beat,
Makes music sweet,
In the darkness still—
I echo the hour
From my rocky tower,
Where I watch alone;
I slumber deep,
But I wake from sleep
At the softest tone.

When winter piles
The forest aisles
With drifts of snow,
And through the lines
Of roaring pines
The ice winds blow,
About my cave
The tempests rave,
Like storms at sea;
But none can break
My walls and take
My voice from me!
I found my birth
When heaven and earth
From chaos rose;
And not till Death
Steals Nature's breath
My life shall close.

—*Ernest W. Shurtleff.*

TWO KINDS OF CHARITY.

"It's not only strange, but downright meanness. What's the use of trying to excuse it? Here are the facts: Only a few days ago the Benevolent society met and Mrs. Benson subscribed twenty dollars. I was speaking of her liberality at the close of the meeting; and now we find her refusing to pay a fair price to her washwoman and seamstress, the latter having a poor mother and three helpless children to provide for from her scanty earnings."

"Well, Annie, such inconsistencies are far from being infrequent, and the longer you live the more you will be impressed with incongruities found in human nature. Let me tell you of a lesson I had once, many years ago.

"It was a cold day in December, and a keen, rough wind blew the sharp, frozen sleet in my face as I walked with a quick step down one of the streets of our beautiful city. I had been caught without an umbrella, and when I overtook Mr. Blank, and was invited to walk under the shelter of his, I took his arm, nothing loth, I assure you. He was an old friend, though his wealth carried him into circles where, as the poor pastor of an humble flock, I should have hardly found admittance. After the first greetings, he told me that nothing would have tempted him out in such a severe weather but the meeting of the 'Benevolent Association,' of which I think he said he was president. And then he added: 'You had better go with me and become a member. There is no estimating the amount of good we are doing in this place.'

"When we came to the steps of the old stone church, my attention was arrested by the sound of a child's voice, which was borne to us by the wind, in low, broken sobs.

"Curled up under the shelter of the broad, stone arch was a child of seven or eight years, whose dress was such an odd mixture of girls' and boys' costumes that it would have been difficult to guess the sex.

"A poor, pinched face, set off by fine, dark eyes, and a profusion of dark hair, which was partly hidden by the old comforter tied around the head. An old overcoat, patched and worn, a red petticoat partly hiding some black pants, gray stockings and girl's slippers completed the dress of the forlorn little object.

"I said: 'Let us see what is the trouble here, and what we can do to relieve it.'

"Mr. Blank stopped with an impatient air, and passing a contemptuous glance at the child, who just then looked up and cried out piteously, said: 'Oh, never mind, I have no interest in a thing of this kind. I have to do only with the broad, general principles of humanity.'

"When he found I would stop he wrapped his elegant coat close around him, saying carelessly: 'It's all a trick; these beggars understand their business to perfection. Come, or we shall be late at the society. Do not be misled by your sympathies; with us you can work in your accustomed way.'

"'I will not detain you,' I replied, 'and, if possible, will rejoin you in a few moments.'

"'Very well, sir, if you persist in this I must leave you, for my duties are imperative, and the wind which sweeps round this corner is terrific;' and, with a stately bow, he hurried on.

"I went up to the child, and asked, perhaps a little thoughtlessly: 'What's the matter, my little maid or fellow? I am sure I cannot tell which you are.'

"The figure straightened up, and before a word was uttered the red skirt was gathered up by the half-frozen hands and hid under the dilapidated overcoat.

"'I ain't a girl—I'm Willie Hale, and I've lost my way!' and then the hands went up to the face, and the despised skirt dropped down into sight again.

"'Tell me where you live,' said I, 'and I will take you to the street.'

"'I don't live on any street—only way off by the water, and I can't find my way back, 'cause the storm comes in my face so.'

"I took his stiffened fingers in my warmly-gloved hands and bent over him so as to shut out the blast, bidding him cheer up and think of something which would indicate the direction of his home, and I would take him there.

"Finally, he thought of 'a great big chimney,' which, he said, 'went most up to the sky,' and added, quaintly: 'If it should ever fall down it would bury us up so deep we could never get out; but I haven't told mother of it, because 'twould worry her, you know.'

"I drew him closer to me, for he had touched my heart by his thoughtfulness of his mother. I told him I would take him to the big chimney and then he could find his mother's house himself. He kept firm hold of my hand as we started off, and said with a happy look into my face: 'You can walk fast and I can run, and we will get there quick, won't we?'

"Curious looks were cast upon us as we trudged along the slippery street, but we heeded them not, and so much interested did I become in the little fellow that I forgot to leave him when he came to the place he had designated, and the first I knew he was leading me into a long narrow lane, and stopped before a miserable dwelling. I followed the child up some rickety stairs and soon found myself in the presence of a sick woman who was propped up in bed, trying to sew.

"'I could not find him,' said the child, 'and I got lost, and this good man brought me home.'

"She looked up wistfully into my face. 'Thank you, sir, for bringing my darling back to me; it's something new for him to go out alone, but I am helpless now.' She kept on with her work, though her hands trembled and her face was covered with tears.

"It was a different scene from any I had met with in my short experience of pastoral life, but my sympathy, expressed in words and manner, soon drew from the poor woman her story. It came out by degrees broken in upon by sobbing and weakness. As is often the case, 'it was not always thus.' She had begun life with fair prospects, but after a few years of great happiness her sorrows commenced with the loss of her husband, by a terrible accident. He had always been prudent and industrious, but when she paid the last cent due on his burial she had scarcely a dollar to help herself with and three children dependent upon her. After she buried her baby she took the other two, a girl of seven and Willie, who was then four, and came to this city, because she had a brother living here who was sure to help her, if he only knew her necessities. A frail hope, as she found. He had acquired wealth and position, and was troubled with poor relations. They had had the same chance to make their way in life that he had, and if they had been careless and improvident he was not going to suffer for them.

"'His wife gave me some sewing to do, but so scanty was the pay I might have starved on it, only for the assistance of my neighbors who, though poor, are very kind. When my little girl died I sent for him again, and he helped me, through the Benevolent society, with the understanding that I should keep our relationship a secret and let him alone in future. I would not have accepted it, only to keep my darling girl from being buried publicly by the city.'

"She wept during the recital uncontrollably, and at the close added bitterly: 'I understand that my brother, Howard Blank, has the reputation of being exceedingly generous, and that he is connected with all the benevolent enterprises of the day.'

"'Is Howard Blank your brother?' I asked, in great surprise.

"'Yes; do you know him?'

"'I thought I knew him well, but I find there is a wide difference between reputation and character. With your permission I shall see him, and try and influence him to do something for you. Perhaps I can touch his pride, if not his heart.'

"'It will be of no use,' said she; 'he will say I have broken my word in telling you; but you were so kind, and I so desolate, that I opened my whole heart to you.'

"I promised to be careful of her secret, and to see her again before night.

"I went directly home and told your mother all but the circumstances connected with the brother. Her kind heart was instantly aroused, and while I was talking she began to gather up different things which might be needed in the sick-room. In less than two hours there was a cheerful fire in that attic room, the bed was comfortably arranged, Mrs. Hale was well cared for, and Willie had dined like a prince.

"Toward night I took my way in the still-increasing storm to the house of Mr. Blank. I confess my heart rather misgave me when I remembered this particular case was not 'humanity in general.' I accused myself of uncharitableness in judging my friend, and brought to mind the old adage: 'There are always two sides to a story.' In my eagerness to exculpate him I began to doubt the word of the poor woman.

"I found him surrounded with every luxury. He gave me a cordial reception, but when my errand was made known his manner changed. It was long before I could make any impression upon him. He affected to believe their suffering feigned, because Mrs. Hale had refused to take any more work from his wife. I told the reason, when he replied: 'You have been an easy dupe to a designing woman. Here is ten dollars, which I give under protest, knowing it will be foolishly squandered. And now, my good sir, please never mention the subject to me again, or I shall be obliged to drop an acquaintance that I have always found exceedingly agreeable.'

"Perhaps I said a little more to him than became a poor minister, but as I looked around upon his magnificent drawing-rooms I could not help thinking that were it not for the publicity of his donations they would be withheld, and that his published contributions did not proceed from a generous heart, but from a contemptible desire for popularity and fame. And I did what is not always wise, spoke my thoughts aloud.

"He reminded me gravely that I was taking upon myself 'one of the prerogatives of the Most High when I set myself up to judge the motives which had actuated him.' I cannot say who had the last word, but I know I never felt so angry in my life as I did when I stepped from his door, and he bowed me out in the most self-possessed manner. I lost my position soon after through his influence, and since then our ways in life have seldom crossed.

"Mrs. Hale recovered soon, thanks to careful nursing and the effect of careful food. Several became interested in her, and as soon as she regained her strength they put her in the way of earning enough to support herself and Willie. She gave him a good education, and he has done a great deal for himself, and is to-day one of the most promising young men of my acquaintance. That is only one of many instances which have come under my observation through my long and varied experience. To be just to human nature, I think this a little the worst, or else I became familiarized with inconsistencies and they did not make so deep an impression upon me.

"Perhaps you will judge Mrs. Benson more leniently when I tell you she has but carried out the result of her early training, for you know she is Judge Hadley's daughter, and he is the Mr. Blank who figured in my story. And, Annie, perhaps there will be no better time for me to talk with you on the subject which has given me no little anxiety. Within the past week two young men have called on me, seeking my permission to win to themselves my heart's best treasure, my only daughter. Annie, darling, will you show me your heart, that I may know how to answer them?"

No words came from the restless little figure, who had suddenly found so much to be done in the other part of the room. Every book had been dusted twice over, and still she lingered, with her face turned from her father.

"I am waiting, Annie."

"Well, papa," under her breath.

"Come here, darling, where I can see your face; who knows how long they will let me have you with me?"

"Shall I tell you of my callers? Well, one is rich, educated and exceedingly popular. He has no profession or business, and you would think he would never need any, as he is an only son; but if by some sudden stroke of fortune his father's wealth should be swept away, the young man, with his dainty and expensive habits, would find it difficult to take care of himself, and, much more, a wife. Paul Hadley is in love, or thinks he is, with Annie's pretty face and engaging manners. The present prospects are that she would have an elegant home, every luxury that wealth can bestow, and, while her beauty lasts, a portion of her husband's heart. William Benson you have known all your life. He has just finished his profession, and has his way to make in the world. And he will do it, for he has true courage and perseverance, correct habits and a high aim. He may never be rich, as things are counted here, and his wife will have to take her share of the burdens of life, but she will have a husband of whom any woman might be proud, and his heart, tender and true, will be all her own. It so happened that the two chose the same hour to visit me. William came in first, but was hardly seated when Hadley was announced. They merely exchanged bows, though I know they must have known each other at school. Hadley said his business was urgent, and asked to see me alone a few moments. I confess his errand took me by surprise, for I had only thought of my home pet as a child, while others have found out, it seems, that she is a beautiful young lady. When we entered the parlor again I said: 'Perhaps you two gentlemen don't know you are cousins.' John Hadley threw up his head contemptuously and replied: 'You must be mistaken. Judge Hadley is my father, you know.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and Mrs. Benson is his own sister; you must thank me for giving you an aunt and cousin who stand so high with the best people of our city.

"He muttered something and was gone. William looked chagrined, but I told him 'twas time his secret was divulged, and there was no chance of being accused of having mercenary motives now.

"You must have guessed that he is the Willie Hale Benson of whom you have heard. As soon as you can, give me an answer for them both, for according to their own accounts they will suffer untold agonies while they are kept in suspense. As to your choice in this matter, I trust you perfectly. There, I didn't tell you a moment too soon; for here comes William; will you stay and give your own answer?"

"Oh, no, papa, dear." She put her face close to his. "You can tell Willie I like him, just a little, and—but don't tell him this, I wish he was rich, for wealth and ease look very tempting."

As she made her exit she heard her father say, "Inconsistency."

But her heart was light and happy.

Advice to a "Dude."

By the way, we heard the other day quite an amusing story about a leading dude uptown, who imagined himself dangerously ill and sent his "body servant" for a physician. The medical man felt his pulse and made an inspection of his tongue, and then remarked; "Yours is a serious case, young man." "From what am I suffering, doctor?" inquired the now alarmed dude. "From pointed shoes, elevated shirt collar, too-tight trousers, Newmarket coat, and general idiocy," responded Dr. Candor. "And," he continued, as he took up his hat and prepared to depart, "my advice to you is to go on a farm—a farm where you can get plenty of fresh milk!"—*American Queen.*

A PECULIAR COMMUNITY.

A FREE REPUBLIC WITHIN THE BORDERS OF LOUISIANA.

A Malay Settlement of Fishermen Without a Woman in It—Habits and Peculiarities of a Strange People.

For years past most remarkable reports about a Malay settlement at the mouth of a small bayou running into Lake Borgne on the extreme southern limit have been in circulation. Tales which would have furnished material for many volumes of sensational literature have been twice told about this peculiar spot, until the passage of time and the absence of accurate detail concerning this terra incognita gave to them the corroboration of general acquiescence, and St. Malo was regarded by those who heard of the settlement as akin to the buccaneers' resorts of the Caribbean sea, or the mysterious retreats of the smugglers of the Spanish main. It is true, now and again some indefatigable amateur hunter or fisherman would stray into its neighborhood, but they never remained long, and their short visits served rather to heighten the color of past rumors than to tone them down to the matter-of-fact standard of to-day.

All that was definitely known was that many years ago a number of natives of Manila, one of the Philippine islands, north of Java, had established themselves in a village on a piece of land in the sea marsh of Louisiana, near a bayou, and there with miles and miles of rustling rushes and reeds between them and civilization had built up an autonomy of their own, holding allegiance to no power or potentate, and, though within the geographical boundary of our State and the United States, yet beyond the reach of its laws. A stern and rigidly enforced statute of the colony was that of complete exclusion of the female sex, and many were the ghastly traditions of the enforcement of this ordinance.

According to the whispered story, shortly after the settlement was made, and the small-eyed natives of the Pacific began to thrive with their fishery, one of their number, following the example of the average American citizen, as well as the dictates of a semi-Mongolian taste, carried thither a wife, and established her at the head of his little household. Within a few months afterward unpleasant reports began to spread in the village, at first against the chief, and then against the smallest and most insignificant fisher's assistant there. Gossip, with her idle tongue, invoked private enmity where brotherly love existed before, and old friends found themselves separated by some maligning slanderer. Feuds were created. The crease and the knife were resorted to, and the peaceful St. Malo threatened to become a place of sickening deeds. The older heads gathered together and discussed this unlooked-for change in the affairs of their microcosm. The logic of facts, by a very simple induction, pointed to the woman as the cause, and her fate was sealed. Traditions differ as to the means taken to bring about the desired result. One has it that she was tied out in the marshes to a stake for the mosquitoes to suck out her life-blood; another tells of the short shrift of a knife and a severing of the bloody limbs from the headless trunk. It matters little which may be true, the result remained, and woman never more set eyes on St. Malo.

The fishing is conducted by companies, each of which is composed of a captain and four or five men. The captain is generally the owner of the seine. They start out in fine weather down the shore of Lake Borgne and haul the seine until a sufficient quantity is caught to fill their cars. All return to St. Malo, where the fish are bunched and sold to luggers which ply between that point and New Orleans. The first share goes to the seine, and then all take share and share alike of the proceeds. Each man, when lucky, clears between $15 and $18 per week. They do not care for the cold, and work winter and summer, although summer is the best fishing season. The men live on rice, fish and beans, and once a week they get meat. They are all contented without wives, and seldom have trouble with one another. When they first came they built their houses with latanier (palmetto) leaves and with straw from the marsh; now they are built of cypress.

No such thing as a warrant of a court, a tax bill, a lawyer, a doctor or an election is known there. Their only judges to settle their disputes are arbitrators selected by those who dispute the property in a skiff, a bunch of fish or a pirogue. When a man gets drunk on liquor brought on the luggers from the city, and he gets noisy, he is immediately taken down to a fish car, which is simply a large skiff, some ten feet long, decked over with open seams about an inch in width, so that when it is afloat the water will flow through it to keep the fish alive. The drunken man is put in the fish car, the sliding door on top is closed and a peg inserted. He is then safe. If he becomes too obstreperous the car is pushed out into the water until it is half filled, the cold bath effectually quieting the ardor of the prisoner.—*New Orleans Times.*

Chief of the Cattle Thieves.

John Kinney, leader of all the New Mexico rustlers and the man who has proven such a terror to the cattle interests of the Territory, is about thirty-two years of age, five feet seven inches in height, stout, rather bloated, weighs 165 pounds, florid complexion, light-brown hair, blue eyes, full, round face and light moustache. He is a braggart, talks loud, drinks hard, lacks prudence, has killed two men, brags of killing others, is bold, but lacks nerve. He is believed to be an Irishman. Kinney has been operating in Southern New Mexico, Texas and old Mexico for three years. He was formerly a soldier in the Eighth United States cavalry. He has a ranch in a cottonwood grove south of Rincon, where he has spent most of his time since leaving the army, butchering and shipping stolen cattle. Kinney is a sort of major-general, having command over all the rustlers.

A cattle raiser in Texas requires over fifty miles of wire fence to inclose his plantation along the line of the Texas Mexican railway.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Baron Nordenskjold is to undertake an Arctic expedition to North Greenland this year.

Tennessee has 4,326 manufacturing establishments, operating a capital of $20,092,845, and employing 22,445 hands.

The largest pump works in the world are at Seneca Falls, N. Y Two hundred and sixty hands are employed.

M. Janssen has found the high desert plateaux of Algeria to have an atmosphere so remarkably clear that the moons of Jupiter are visible to the naked eye.

A deep, brilliant black upon iron or steel may be produced by applying with a fine hair brush a mixture of turpentine and sulphur previously boiled together.

The Wisconsin legislature has passed a bill which provides that all goods manufactured by convict labor shall be distinctly marked as such before being put upon the market.

Here is a hint by Dr. G. Boeck which may be of industrial value. If potatoes are peeled and treated with eight parts sulphuric acid and 100 parts of water, and then dried and pressed, a mass is obtained very like celluloid, and which can be used instead of meerschaum or ivory. It is not stated whether the invention is protected by a patent or not.

Professor Reinsch thus gives the results of his researches regarding the manner in which coal has been formed. He had examined with the microscope not less than 2,500 sections of coal, and had come to the conclusion that coal had not been formed by the alteration of accumulated land plants, but that it consisted of microscopic forms of a lower order of protoplasm, and although he had carefully examined the cells and other remains of plants of a higher order, he computed that they have contributed only a fraction of the mass of coal veins, however numerous they may have been in some instances.

Making Fiddle Strings.

The name "catgut," as applied to the animal-fiber strings used on musical instruments, is altogether a misnomer. The cat is in no wise responsible for the string, and, much as the fact is to be deplored, the manufacturers of such strings refuse to utilize cats for the supply of their material. Aminadab Sleek, amended to accuracy, should speak of "they who scrape the hair of the horse upon the bowels of the lamb"—not the "bowels of the cat." Violin, guitar and banjo strings, and in fact all sorts that come under the general head of "gut," are made from the entrails of lambs and cattle, from the delicate threads used for sewing racket ball covers up to the half-inch thick round belts. After a lamb is seven months old its entrails are no longer fit for making strings for violins, consequently this branch of the manufacture can only be carried on a few months in each year.

"Few people," said Mr. Turner, a New York manufacturer, to a *Sun* reporter, "have any idea of the many uses to which gut strings are now put. They are used to hold up clock weights, for belting, for the lacing on lawn tennis and racket balls, for lacrosse scoops, for weaving fine whip covers, for jewelers' drills, and for a thousand things, I suppose, that even I do not know of. Anglers' leaders or snells? No, not at all, although most people have an idea that these are made of gut. That material would never do for such a purpose. It would get soft in the water in a few minutes and the fish would eat it off. In fact, I don't know but what it would be a good bait. Most so-called 'gut' leaders are made from silk and the best from a marine plant.

"All the work of making gut strings is about the same, but greater care has to be exercised in preparing those intended for musical instruments than others. The process of manufacturing those is comparatively simple, but far from easy. When the entrails, for which a good price has to be paid, are thoroughly cleaned, they are split with a razor. Only one half is fit for use in violin strings. That is the upper or smooth half. The lower half is fatty, rough, and of unequal thickness. The strips are put through rollers turned by hand for eight or nine days, to take all the stretch out of them. Then they are spun, or twisted. Five or six strands go to make an E string, eight or nine an A string, and twenty are put into a D string. Then they go through a bleaching bath of sulphur fumes. After that they are twisted again. Then they are softened in pearlash water, again subjected to the action of the sulphur fumes, twisted again, dried, and finally rubbed down smooth with pumice stone. Altogether it takes ten or eleven days to make a string. When done they are seventy-two inches long—four lengths for a violin—and thirty of them coiled separately and tied together make up the 'bundle' of the trade."

Youthful Suicides.

Recently a writer, making some general observations upon French affairs, remarked upon the number of children, of the age of twelve and under, that annually commit suicide in Paris. The writer speculated upon the motive that could have induced the little unfortunates to commit the act. But youthful suicides are to be found in the United States, also. If statistics were taken, the result would probably be discovered to be startling. Shame and fear have sometimes been the motives, mingled, perhaps, with feelings of indignation. Thus children, and particularly boys, who had received or who expected to receive severe corporal punishment, are frequently found to exhibit little or no hesitation in compassing their own death. We cannot say that the evil is on the increase in the United States, but it certainly does not seem to be decreasing.—*New York Telegram.*

The *Scientific American* says that the haulage of our railways now employs over 17,000 locomotives, and the aggregate cost to run them, such as fuel, water, oil, repairs and engineers, is about $90,000,000, or not far from $5,000 a year for each machine.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

When the rest of the coal in the world gives out China can supply the deficiency.

The murders in the United States last year averaged two a day, the executions two a week.

In Kentucky no clergyman or preacher of any denomination can become a member of the legislature.

The United States spend $600,000,000 a year for their alcoholic drinks. It is estimated that more than 200,000 people are engaged in selling them.

In Japan one of the staple articles of food, fresh and pickled, is the daikon, a great radish, that grows two and a half feet long and four inches in diameter.

A farmer at Gridley, Cal., hunts wild geese with a three-year-old heifer. He has trained the animal to walk out where a flock of geese have settled down, browsing all the way along, he walking along on the off side from the geese, and, when near enough, the cow lies down, and he shoots into the flock and captures thirty or forty.

A new book of Siberian travels mentions that the native winter fishermen stir up the sturgeons, which lay congregated in the muddy hollows of the river Irtish, by dropping red hot lumps of clay through holes in the ice. The heat rouses the fish, which rise, swim up the stream and are caught by spring lines previously set for them.

A negro in Beaufort, N. C., named Zach Taylor, born in Carteret county of parents who were slaves, is thirty-three years of age, never went to school in his life, and yet he can build a mill, repair a watch, tune a piano or print a newspaper. The most remarkable gift which he has, however, is the ability to repeat Scripture, which he can do for hours at a time, without making a mistake.

Probably the largest mass of rock that has ever been transported, not excepting even the blocks in the Egyptian pyramids, was that from which was cut the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg. It was a block of granite weighing 3,000,000 pounds, or about 1,500 tons, and was found isolated on marshy ground about four miles from the Neva. Its shape was that of an irregular prism, about twenty-four feet high, forty-seven feet long and thirty feet broad in its largest dimensions.

Sir Joseph Hooker, in his report on Kew gardens, gives a sketch of a most interesting botanical curiosity, the Palo de vaca, or cow tree. This tree grows in forests at the foot of certain mountain ranges in Venezuela, and attains a height of 100 feet, and frequently the trunk reached to seventy feet without a branch. The remarkable characteristic of this tree is the milk, which exudes from the trunk when an incision is made. The flavor is of sweet cream with a slightly balsamic taste, but is very wholesome and nourishing, the composition being said to approach very near the milk of the cow. From the fact that the milk is somewhat glutinous it would seem that the tree is of the caoutchouc order. It is noteworthy, as an example of the law of compensation traceable in nature generally, that this cow tree seems originally to have been a native of a country where milk-giving animals were formerly totally unknown.

Origin of the Name Texas.

On a subsequent visit Houston told me the legend of the origin of the name "Texas," as he had it from an Indian chief. I wish I could give his very words instead of my memory of them. A long time ago, when the Spaniards overran and plundered Mexico, some of the red men left them and came toward the rising sun. They crossed the Rio Grande, and not knowing what lay before them entered upon the great salt marshes. They traveled many days and found but little sweet water or game. The weather grew hot and the little streams dried up and the grass withered, and many old men and women and children died of thirst. One day, after many weeks of weary walking, a party of young braves, who had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, came running back and said: "We have found water, come on!" This good news put new life into their veins, and, although nothing could be seen but a dry, flat, bald prairie, the scouts were standing still, calling and beckoning to them and pointing toward something apparently at their feet.

At length they reach the spot where the braves are standing. Fifty feet below them the limpid waters of the Colorado sung a melody to heaven. Beyond, far as even an Indian vision could reach, stretched a green expanse. The tall mesquite grass, yielding to the breath of the gentle south wind, rolled in vast billows of verdure under the ardent summer sun. Little "islands" of mesquite trees dotted the grassy sea, and herds of buffalo and deer grazed in peaceful ignorance of an enemy's approach. Forgetting hunger, fatigue and even thirst in this delicious vision the red men fall upon their kness and cry out "Tehas! Tehas!"

"Tehas" is the nearest approach I can make in English to the correct pronunciation of Texas, and it means—as the narrator explained to me—Paradise—*A. H. M., in Philadelphia Times.*

She Didn't Give Anything.

"Madame," the missionary began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children like those at your gate and our object is—"

"Sir! those are my own children!" she interrupted, and the way that front door slammed his toes jarred every hair on his scalp-lock.—*Free Press.*

Trials of every kind may await you, sterner and darker than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strength for every conflict depends on your being girded for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

WHERE GOLD IS DROSS.

A REPORTER INVADES A PERFUME MANUFACTORY.

Flowers Worth More than Their Weight in the Most Precious of Metals—The Value of Rose, Jasmine and Lavender.

"Smell of that," said a perfumer, at his place of business, to a reporter of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Herald.* He pulled the cork from a big bottle containing the tincture of ambergris and rubbed it upon the back of the reporter's hand. "The basis from which that tincture is made," he said, "came from a sick whale. It doesn't smell very pleasant, but when combined with other things it makes a sweet perfume."

"You got that stuff from a sick whale?" the reporter asked.

"Why, yes," said the perfumer, his eyes closing as he smiled. "It is a morbid secretion of the liver of the whale, and is principally found floating upon the seas of warm climates, intermixed with remains of the food of whales. When of good quality it is of a bright gray color, streaked with black and yellow, so soft that it may be flattened with the finger. Persons engaged in whale fishing look for ambergris in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, and are most successful in those that appear torpid, sick and lean; whence it would seem that it is a product of disease. It is found in lumps weighing from one pound to twenty or thirty pounds, and is worth $32 an ounce, or twice as much as gold."

"Do you use it in the manufacture of perfumes?"

"Yes; I'll tell you how. In the first place, it costs $1,500 to manufacture one ounce of perfume. That is to say, a man who wishes to go into the business will have to lay out about that sum to start. There are six flowers which are used in the work—the bases of all perfumes—violet, cassia, rose, tuberose, jasmine and orange flowers. These flowers are grown in France, except the violets, which are raised in Northern Italy. They are plucked and thrown into long pans filled with suet, which is kept just hot enough to keep it melted. The flowers are left in that way for twenty-four hours, when the suet is drawn off and treated to another batch of flowers. This process is continued for twenty or thirty days, until the strength required has been attained. It is then put into cans, and in that shape is sent to this country. They are called pomades. I take these pomades and cut them with cologne spirits. I then freeze the substance and run it through a filter. The suet is thus kept apart and I have the pure flower perfume. It is very sweet and delicate, but when exposed to the air it soon loses its strength. Therefore we combine it with what are called the fixing ingredients, which hold the odors and the essential oils. Take one of my perfumes for instance. To make it I have two large vessels. Into one I put the flower washings of tuberose, rose and violet. To these I add the tincture of tonca, vanilla, ambergris, musk, civet and tolu. This mixture is thoroughly shaken. In the other vessel I put the essential oils—orris, attar of roses, rose geranium, neroli, langlang and patchouly. These oils are cut with cologne spirits. The contents of both vessels are then put together and thoroughly mixed. The substance is afterward filtered, and then allowed to stand for a month to get age. It is then ready for the market. The perfumer's artistic work is in studying the affinities and blending the scents, as a painter does his colors."

An acre of jasmine plants, 80,000 in number, will produce 5,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1,250; an acre of rose trees, 10,000 in number, will yield 2,000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 300 orange trees, growing on an acre, will yield, at ten years of age, 2,000 pounds of flowers, valued at $350; an acre of violets, producing 1,000 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of cassia trees, about 300, will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2,000 ounces of distilled attar, worth $4,000; and an acre of lavender, giving over 3,500 pounds of flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1,500.

The perfumer manufactures about fifty different kinds of perfumes, in which he uses eight different flower washings, fifteen tinctures and about thirty different essential oils. The latter are very expensive, and the bases from which many of the tinctures are made cost much more than gold.

The manufacture of perfumes is now chiefly carried on in Paris and London, and in various towns along the Mediterranean, especially in the south of France. In England some of the essential oils are prepared from herbs on a large scale. In the Northern United States many of the essences and essential oils are also largely prepared, the woods furnishing the wintergreen, sassafras and other sweet-scented plants, and gardens the peppermint, rose, etc.

Perfumes are not obtained from plants alone. The delicate scent of flowers has been traced to certain oils or ethers, which can be elaborated from substances associated only with the most disgusting odors. The fetid fusel oil, by different methods of treatment, produces oils not to be distinguished from those of various fruits; the noisome oils of gas tar are made to yield the nitro benzole, known as the oil of bitter almonds; and from the drainage of cowhouses is extracted an essential ingredient in the famous eau de mille fleur.

"Why is it that America cannot make as good perfumes as the old country?" the reporter asked.

"Because," he replied, "in France the manufacturers get their odors directly from the flower, while Americans are obliged to import the odors in the pomades. When this country begins to raise its own flowers, I don't know any reason why we can't make just as good perfume as does Lubin."

There are gardens in Louisiana and California where flowers for perfume purposes are cultivated, and it is said that the product compares favorably with that of France.

The photographer's business is always at a standstill.

THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced—
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through—
'Tis a fairy that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself: "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dearer and wages low—
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, woman and child—all three,
And he said, "It's God's own harmony,
The wind that sings in the chimney."

—*Bret Harte.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

If you don't want to lose your gun, never let it go off.

You can't well sell your eyes, but you can often lend an ear to a good purpose.

A bonnet covered with birds does not sing, but the fellow who has to pay for it whistles when the bill comes in.—*New York Commercial.*

Some of the old railroad men are thinking of a process to paralyze and petrify tramps so that they can be used as cross ties.—*Picayune.*

The orator remarked, "What has this country to expect after the Forty-seventh Congress?" and a hoarse whisper from the gallery responded, "The forty-eighth."

When a man and his wife engaged in a debate the other night and the dog got up and scratched to be let out of the room, they concluded that it was time to stop the discussion.

Did you ever shake hands with a beautiful girl about twenty years of age, who, instead of letting her hand lie in yours like a sick fish, gave you a good, hearty grasp? If you have, you know what solid comfort is.—*Rochester Express.*

Fashionable young club men of New York, sans aims and sans brains, who ape the British snob in their dress, are called "dudes." We do not see much economy in the new name. The old title, "idiots," contains only one more letter.—*Norristown Herald.*

There was a man he had a clock,
His name was Matthew Mears;
He wound it regular every day
For four and twenty years.
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be.
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
You'd never wish to see.

A Philadelphia man, who lost his left thumb and forefinger in a planing mill, has had very good substitutes for them made of rubber. There is a fortune in this misfortune. All he need do to get rich is to hire himself out to tack down carpets.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A man uptown made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead pencil. The man won—time, fourteen minutes and forty seconds. It is thought the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead pencil inside of five minutes.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man was quietly munching on a piece of pie in a saloon, Friday morning, when a look of distress suddenly displaced the serene expression on his face. Taking something from between his teeth, and looking at it, he cried to the waiter, "Here you, there's a stone I found in this pie!" The waiter took it, glanced at it critically, and handing it back, briefly said: "It's no good to us; you can have it."—*Danbury News.*

"And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David Davis, as the senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady, sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you, with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus-canvas from my apartment."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A remarkable woman: Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said: "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Catching the Eye of the Speaker.

The order of morning business (says Ben Perley Poore, in writing in the *Century* of Congress and the "Capitol at Washington,") is unintelligible to strangers, and is merely the successive recognition by the speaker of those members who have obtained from him a promise that they can have the floor. In keeping these promises the speaker often pays no heed to members in the front seats who are endeavoring to attract his attention by cries of "Mister Speaker!" in every note in the gamut, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, and "recognizes" some quiet person beyond them. "I have been a member of the House three successive sessions," said an indignant Tennessean who had vainly tried to obtain the floor, "and during that time I have caught the measles, the whooping-cough and the influenza, but I have never been able to catch the speaker's eye."

There are 20,000 stands of bees in Nebraska. One bee keeper harvested 6,000 pounds of honey last year.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—Snow on Pisgah and other mountains around Asheville, Monday morning.

—Dr. R. W. Glenn, a prominent physician of Greensboro, died suddenly on Saturday evening about six o'clock, from affection of the heart.

University Normal School.

The next session of this school will open June 21 and close July 25.

Hon. M. A. Newell, LL. D., Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Maryland and Principal of the Maryland State Normal School will be Superintendent. The faculty will consist of a full corps of able and experienced teachers, among whom will be Prof. E. P. Morse, Superintendent of the Goldsboro Graded School.

The Storm Sunday Night.

The storm of Sunday night seems to have prevailed all over the country. From the reports in the papers we condense the following:

A terrific gale struck West Point, Mississippi, on Sunday afternoon, accompanied by torrents of rain and the largest hail ever seen there. The court house, lawyers' row, Central Hotel, Cotton Exchange office, Olympic Saloon, Henry House, Walsh Store, and Flanagan Hall, were all unroofed and materially damaged. Fences and trees were prostrated, and considerable damage was done. No lives were lost.

In Eastman, Georgia, great damage was done. John Register's house was blown down and his two children killed. Samuel Harris' house was demolished and his wife and children badly injured.

In Mississippi, the towns of Wesson and Beauregard were visited by a frightful cyclone. The wind for the past three days had been blowing a gale and lowering clouds indicated a storm. Its approach was known for some minutes by deep rumbling sounds, windows in dwellings shaking with violence and many people thought it was an earthquake. Thunder roared and lightning flashed with alarming force and vividness. Fences were torn down and trees which had stood the storm for many years were uprooted and cast hundreds of yards away. It was awful in its character. As soon as the storm had somewhat abated and the people began to look about loud peals of the church bells were rung out and the people were seen running in all directions toward west Wesson. The rain meantime was pouring in torrents. Reaching Peach Orchard street an indiscribable scene was witnessed. This street is lined with a large number of houses in which operatives of the Mississippi mills are domiciled, and here the greatest destruction occurred. People were seen on all sides sobbing and the groans of the wounded beneath the ruins were perfectly appalling. Dwellings were torn to atoms. A pine forest just beyond was blown out of existence. It is estimated that the number of killed is twelve. Two or three children are missing. One hundred and fifty or two hundred dwellings were blown down. The number of people with broken limbs is estimated by the physicians at 75.

Beauregard was in the direct path of the cyclone. The scene is absolutely appalling. Beauregard is no more. It is in truth a mass of ruins. It is with difficulty that one can ride through, so thickly are the trees strewn across the road. There is not a house of any character standing in the place. Timber is scattered for miles around. Even out in the country 2½ miles, dwellings were swept away. The deaths and mortally wounded amounted to 15 or 20, besides others more or less injured.

On the Natchez & Columbus Railroad, the town of Tillman was destroyed and several persons killed and wounded. On the Vicksburg & Meridian Railroad, the town of Lawrence suffered terribly. Reports from other places and from the country show that the storm was widespread and very destructive. Telegraph lines were blown down for miles.

CHATTANOOGA, April 23.—A terrible storm swept over the city yesterday and did considerable damage. Fully ten thousand dollars damage was done in this city by the storm last night. The depot, dwellings and stores were unroofed, fences thrown down and trees uprooted. Reports from the surrounding country show the storm to have been very destructive.

The Tariff Question.

The Tariff question has always been a great bug bear in making party platforms. The old Whig party was considered the protective tariff party, while the Democrats always favored a revenue tariff. It has been remarked that as the South became a Manufacturing section, protective tariff would become popular. The recent legislation on that question has proved that the party stands much as it did in the ante-bellum days. The Baltimore *Sun* says:

"Now that the Southern manufacturer finds himself able to hold his own in the home market against the competition of the New Englander as well as the foreigner, he loses interest in the doctrine of protection. Having cheap material and cheap labor, he could produce his wares at a profit were the whole tariff swept away. As long as the market for coarse cottons and pig iron is not glutted he makes a big profit; and when the overproduction of the Northern manufacturers causes prices to droop and the mills of that section to close, he will still sell at a handsome profit. This state of things may continue until the Southern mills become so numerous as to overstock the United States with their products; that is to say, until the Eastern manufacture of wares similar to those produced in the South is driven to the wall. Then from the South as well as the North the cry for a larger market is likely to prevail, and, freed from the demoralizing influences of a higher tariff, our producers will compete side by side in all the marts of the world. Till then the Southern manufacturer can afford to be amused at the workings of a tariff which shuts his competitors in a narrow field to an unequal contest."

Ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, a prominent Democratic aspirant for the presidential nomination, expresses himself against a tariff for protection. In a recent interview he is reported as saying:

"I think that a tariff in excess of a revenue standard is not right. When we go beyond that it is simply taxing one man for the benefit of another. If I am a protected manufacturer and you a consumer, you pay tribute to me, and not to the government. The tariff is the leading national issue, because it lies at the foundation of our system of revenue, and it will continue to be until it is settled on a constitutional basis of a tariff for revenue. Incidental expenses are a burden that necessarily goes with that mode of taxation. Aside from the burden of government, free trade is a true doctrine. Even protectionists admit that tariff should not be levied for protection merely."

Mr. McDonald thinks that more States than Ohio will be doubtful on account of the influence of the tariff question, the South and West uniting against protection.

Rye and the Grass.

We copy the following from the Statesville *Landmark*. It is the result of practical farming, and the much abused "book farming," so much laughed at by "knowing farmers," will be acknowledged to have something in it after all. We wish that all farmers would adopt the plan of Mr. Barkley, and then our lands would soon revive, and instead of bare hillsides, and deep gullies we would have green fields throughout the year. Read, ponder and go and do likewise:

"Mr. D. A. Barkley, who has charge of the farm of Mr. R. I. McDowell, in Davidson township, and who is an intelligent, thoroughly progressive and wide-awake farmer, brought to our office, a few days ago, a bunch of rye the average height of which was full five feet. He had just mowed it and this was of the third mowing at that. In September last Mr. Barkley gathered up twenty loads of stable manure, scrapings, &c., and put it on a half acre lot of stiff red land. He then seeded on it one bushel of rye, half gallon of red clover and one and a half bushels of orchard grass. The rye came up beautifully, and in November was large enough to mow and feed to the stock. He mowed it again in March and commenced mowing it again for the third time last Monday a week, the 9th inst. He is perfectly satisfied he will get two more mowings off it and expects to get there. From this lot he feeds two head of horses and one cow and they cannot eat the rye. Their racks are kept full of it and the colored tenants on the place are allowed to feed their stock on it.

Mr. Barkley is great on rye and the grasses. He cultivates timothy, orchard grass, lucerne and red clover, and these, with his rye, keep his stock in green feed the year round, with the exception of about two and a half months. Not only does he hold clover and the grasses invaluable as feed crops, but they do wonders in the improvement of his lands, being second in this respect only to clay peas.

Speaking of clover, Mr. Barkley has just had a remarkable result from a quantity which was seeded twenty-one years ago. Mr. McDowell, in 1862, while he lived upon the place, sowed a lot of clover in a field. It flourished, and went to seed in 1865. It was then turned under deep and the field has been in corn every year since until last year when it was sown in oats. In the fall it was broken as deep as possible with a three-horse Avery plow: the seed which had lain dormant all these years sprang into life, and on the field there is now as beautiful a stand of clover as was ever seen."

—The latest from the Mississippi Cyclone is that 83 persons were killed and about 300 wounded.

—Georgia election passed off quietly, with a light vote. Henry D. McDaniel will probably be inaugurated Governor on May 21st.

DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—A corps of artists from Philadelphia was out in a special car, last week, taking views of the mountains and railroad scenery on the mountain division of the Western North Carolina Railroad.

—The board of commissioners of Mecklenburg county has quit making any allowances for the care of the poor outside the poor-house. It has been so much imposed upon that it felt obliged to take this step.

[Perhaps Mecklenburg is not the only county thus imposed upon.]

—A terrible accident happened on the North Carolina Railroad, on Wednesday of last week, near Jamestown. A cow ditched the engine and the whole train of twenty-five cars, many of which were smashed into kindling wood. The engineer, John Gayle, was killed, and the fireman and some of the brakemen injured. The estimated loss of the railroad company from the accident is $25,000.—*Bugle.*

—At Windsor, Bertie county, Mr. E. Bunch, a member of the firm of Bunch & Bridges, owners of a saw mill, attempted to step over the log carriage while the saw was in motion. His foot caught and he fell on the saw, which cut off his left arm. He was thus drawn against the saw, which cut his body completely in two across the chest before the machinery could be stopped.

—The Lenoir *Topic* says, one day last week in Ashe county, three men, Osborne, Martin and Church, got drunk and went to the house of Calvin Miller and gave him a beating. From there they went to John O. Potter's and beat him. They then started in the direction of Forge Creek, Tennessee, stopping on the way at the house of a sick man. They tried to make the man who was waiting on him take a drink, and upon his refusal they made an onslaught upon him. He defended himself so successfully that Church is dead and one other is expected to die.

LOOK OUT.—A man calling himself Thomas M. White, and who claimed to be a piano tuner, sewing machine mender, and United States detective, arrived at Lexington a few days ago and stopped with our friend, J. S. Sowers, of the Sowers House, and yesterday the usually genial landlord was thrown into a Sower mood to find that his guest had jumped the town, leaving his board bill for three days unpaid. White is a tall man, six feet high and wears a full long dark brown beard. Part of his jaw bone is gone, in consequence of a wound, and he eats with difficulty. Furthermore he is a man of "fine sense and good address," says our informant. Mr. Sowers wants him the be passed around.—*Charlotte Journal-Observer.*

A DESTRUCTIVE WATER SPOUT IN CALDWELL COUNTY.—A most terrible waterspout struck on a ravine near McBride's Mills on the 11th inst., about 4 o'clock, P. M., on a small spring branch at the residence of Mr. John Combs. The destruction was fearful, damaging Mr. Combs at least five hundred dollars. It swept off several buildings, including a part of his dwelling house, fruit trees, grain and grainery, one fine calf and damaging his crop of wheat gardens and other lands to a great extent. Mr. Enoch Swift, whose residence was at the mouth of Combs' branch, was also damaged to the extent of fully two hundred dollars, taking off a very fine orchard of about twenty trees, besides fencing and other property. Nothing as a like disaster was ever known in this country. Other localities were more or less damaged in the vicinity, but none so bad as on Comb's branch, where the fury of the storm and waterspout seemed to have spent its fury.—*Lenoir Topic.*

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Agriculture, held last week, the Commissioner, Mr. McGehee, was authorized to confer with a committee from the North Carolina State Agricultural Society, and agree upon the apportionment of the $500, appropriated by said board for premiums, to be offered on field crops at the State fair this fall.

The committee, Messrs. W. G. Upchurch, E. R. Stamps and T. C. Williams, held a conference with the Commissioner yesterday morning, and the premiums were fixed as follows: $50 for the largest yield of cotton from fifteen acress of land, $30 for the second, and $20 for the third.

Fifty dollars for the largest yield of corn from fifteen acres; $30 for the second and $20 for the third.

Fifty dollars for the largest yield of wheat from ten acres.

Twenty-five dollars for the largest yield from five acres each of oats, rye, rice, field peas and ground peas.

Twenty-five dollars for the largest yield of hay from one acre of either clover, orchard grass, hard's grass or timothy.

Fifty dollars for the largest yield in value of bright leaf tobacco, and $50 for the largest yield in value of heavy shipping tobacco, from one acre each. Accurate measurement of land and crops, and a detailed statement of the mode and cost of cultivation and manuring will be required of each exhibitor.

SALISBURY, April 20.—Concord Presbytery is in session at Unity church in this county. We understand there is a large attendance and much interest is manifested in the proceedings by the community. Several from town are in attendance.

Several persons from a distance are negotiating for the purchase of the Gold Valley Mine. They are all anxious to buy, but Mr. Theo. F. Kluttz, th owner, is not very anxious to sell for a mere nominal sum, when he is assured that he has the richest mine east of the rocky mountains.

Mr. F. W. Dygert, superintendent of the Shufford Mine in Catawba, is in town. He says mining with his company is now no experiment. They have in sight many tons of rich, free gold ore, and much that will be taken out shortly. They have erected a set of stamps and will concentrate their ore upon the spot.

Capt. L. A. Frazier, of the Western North Carolina Railroad, reports that there are now twenty odd regular boarders at Warm Springs and every prospect of a most brilliant season.

The sheriff of Wilkes county had three prisoners at the depot Wednesday evening, carrying them to the penitentiary. Several persons were very severe upon the sheriff for having a white boy and a negro man chained together, but the most ridiculous part of the proceedings was that the censure came almost entirely from two Yankees who had been traveling in the South for some time, but were then on their way back North. They had lost some of their "first love" for their brothers in black.—*Cor. Charlotte Journal-Observer.*

INSOLVENT TAXES.—The following proviso to the machinery act, passed by the recent Legislatune, is very important:

Provided, that any male person so returned in the insolvent list not previously exempted by order of the board of commissioners, who shall fail to pay said taxes to the sheriff for six months after such return of the insolvent list, to the county commissioners, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction before a court of a justice of the peace, shall be fined double the value of the taxes so due, not to exceed in any case fifty dollars, and the board of county commissioners of the county in which any such person may be convicted as aforesaid, if said person be committed to prison for failure to pay the said fine, may employ such offender upon the public highway and said commissioners may allow such offender a credit of so much per day on said fine and cost as to them may seem just and reasonable. It shall be the duty of the chairman of the board of county commissioners to act as prosecentor on the part of the county before such justice of the peace.

The Southern Exposition.

The main building for the Southern Exposition to open at Louisville, Ky., August 1, is now in a sufficiently advanced stage of construction to give the spectator some idea of its extensive proportions. It will be one of the largest exposition buildings ever erected, as will be seen from the following comparisons of area, in square feet, of the main building of the world's great industrial exhibitions:

London, 1851	989,884
New York, 1853	249,692
Paris, 1855	545,934
Paris, 1863	456,923
Vienna, 1873	430,500
London, 1862	1,400,000
Philadelphia, 1876	872,320
Atlanta, 1881	107,520
Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky	677,400

It thus appears that the main building of the Southern Exposition will be larger than the main building at Vienna in 1873, in Paris in 1863 and 1855, and New York in 1853, while it is smaller only than the main buildings at the two London expositions and the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. At the two Paris expositions the annexes ran the total area up to slightly over one million square feet and at Philadelphia the machinery annexed covered over eight hundred thousand square feet, and the other annexes increased the area to greater dimensions than ever attempted before, and probably greater than will be attempted for many years to come. At Atlanta in 1881 the annexes increased the total area to about eight acres. The Southern Exposition has already projected annexes for saw mills, horticultural displays and art exhibitions that will increase the total area by many thousands of square feet.

The Louisville *Post* says: "The fare from all points in the United States has been fixed at one-third fare for the round trip during the exposition. That is, if the regular round fare from a distant point is $48, it will be reduced to $32. Within a radius of several hundred miles, however, excursion rates will prevail, which will make the fare very much less. It is stated at Louisville and Nashville Railroad office that that company has already arranged for increase of carrying capacity for the exposition travel that will cost $150,000. The freight rates for exhibits will in a short time be arranged on the basis of freight one way."

"Hail Stones as Big as Pumpkins."

There is some doubt about hailstones having been quite so large, but as some people said they were as large as potatoes anyhow, it must have been a very severe storm. A man who is hit with many hailstones will be badly bruised. It is surprising to see how quickly PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER will relieve the pain, even of the worst bruises.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 19.—The trial of eighteen prominent Nihilists ended here to-day and resulted in the conviction of all the prisoners. Six were condemned to death, two to life servitude and the remainder to imprisonment varying from 15 to 20 years. Several more Nihilist leaders have been arrested. It is stated that among them is the well known female Nihilist, Vera Sassulitch.

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN
EVERY DAY in the Year.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER IS THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

BURNS, CUTS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES, CONTUSIONS, SWELLINGS, SCALDS, SORES, DISLOCATIONS, FELONS, BOILS, &c., &c.

DRUGGISTS KEEP IT EVERYWHERE.

North Carolina } In the Superior Court
WILKES COUNTY. } Before I S Call, Clerk.

John O. Rousseau Adm'r of B. F. Petty, dec. Pl'ff. *Against* The Heirs at Law of B. F. Petty, Dec. def'ts. } Petition to sell Land for Assets.

To Quincy Shuford and wife Julia A., Henry Shuford and wife Laura, James Porter and wife Joanna, Felix B. Petty, Millard Petty, McKamie Petty and the Heirs at law of Wm. B. Petty, dec., (names unknown.) Defendants named in the above entitled action: You are hereby notified that a motion has been made by the Plaintiff in said case asking for the confirmation of his report of sale filed in this case of the lands sold by him, as the Administrator of B. F. Petty, dec. and that you are required to appear before me at my office in Wilkesboro, N. C., within twenty days after the expiration of this publication (for four successive weeks,) when and where said motion will be heard, and that you may appear if you should see proper.

Given under my hand and official seal of office at Wilkesboro, N. C., on this the 26th day of March, A. D. 1883.

John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff. I. S. CALL, Clerk Superior Court.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

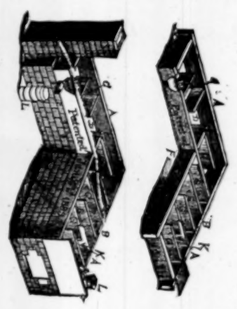
NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrators of the estate of William Johnson, dec'd, all persons who owe said deceased are requested to make payment to us at once and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them to us, proven as the law directs, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

JOHN JOHNSON, } Adm'rs
HENRY JOHNSON, } of William Johnson, dec'd.

Feb. 9th, 1883.–7 6w.

IMPROVED EVAPORATOR.
ISAAC N. NULL, PATENTEE.
Patented January 2, 1883. No 269,877.



CLAIM.—The herein described improved evaporating pan, consisting of the L shaped pan A, having partition D provided with a gate E, and transverse plates, G, extending alternately from each side wall towards the other, in both compartments of pan, for the purpose of retarding the flow of syrup, in combination with the strainer I, secured to plate J, having flange K, whereby it may be secured detachably upon any one of the plates G, at any desired point in either compartment of the pan as above set forth in the cuts.

By this construction, a man standing at the angle, can easily reach and skim the syrup at either end of the pan, which by the common practice of making the pans rectangular is not readily practicable. By my improved construction I am thus enabled to dispense with the labor of one man where two are required at those of ordinary construction.

The undersigned has purchased the entire right of the United States of America from Isaac N. Null, and is prepared to sell pans, County or State rights to suit purchasers. Also prepared to furnish Mills.

HENRY N. NULL, P. O., Winston, N. C.

Salem Cotton Gin.

SEED COTTON WILL NOW BE RECEIVED AT THE

Gin-House on Shallowford St.,

and the Gin will begin work on or before,

Monday, November 20th, 1882.

Cotton will be ginned on shares, or for cash; and we will buy the seed cotton, or the lint after ginning.

Our facilities for good, speedy work are admirable; our terms reasonable, and square dealings guaranteed.

J. F. SHAFFNER.

Salem N. C., Nov. 13, 1882.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

All persons, not heretofore registered on the Registration Book of the Corporation of Salem, N. C., may now do so, at my office, on Main street.

All qualified electors of the State of N. C., who have resided in the corporate limits of Salem, N. C., ninety days, are entitled to registrer.

The municipal election will be held on Monday, the 7th day of May, 1883, at Commissioners' Hall, Salem, N. C.

J. F. SHAFFNER, *Registrar.*

Mayor's Office, 4th April, 1883.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING taken Letters of Administration on the estate of David White, deceased, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for payment before the 31st of March, 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

JAS. T. LINEBACK, Administrator.

March 31, 1883.—4t

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

About $100,000 has been subscribed for a cotton mill to be established at Newberry, S. C.

—At a sale of old coins in New York on Tuesday of last week, a half-dime of 1804 brought $400.

—Thousands of trees have turned to stone in one of the desert wilds of New Mexico. The petrified forest is near Corizo, on the little Colorado.

DELPHI, INDIA, April 20.—An extensive conflagration has occurred in this city. Two thousand houses were destroyed and a great number of families are destitute and homeless.

—There has been a disastrous flood at Yahuahia, Mexico. The river rose so rapidly that the people could barely escape. 6 persons were drowned, and much valuable property and stock were swept away.

—Judge Thoman, one of the civil-service commissioners, says that the law does not prohibit removals from office; it only provides that all appointments must be made from persons found to be competent.

—The Saluda cotton factory, Lexington county, S. C., received an order recently for a trial lot of its yarns for export to China, with which country the southern cotton mills are developing a fine trade.—*Industrial News.*

—An island in Vermilion Bay, on the coast of Louisiana, has a solid mass of salt at a depth of twenty feet so hard that it requires to be mined with dynamite and ground in steam mills. About 200 tons a day are taken out.

—One soap manufactory, one cracker manufactory, one cotton press manufactory, two sash and blind manufactories, one brick and tile manufactory, and one cotton compress company have been organized at Montgomery, Alabama, within the last sixty days.—*Industrial News.*

—Farmers from the trucking districts in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., report that the extraordinary rainfall on Tuesday and the day before did considerable damage to the crops in some sections. The flat lands are under water twelve inches deep, and roads were submerged and bridges carried away.

—As many as 20,000 deaths occur annually in India from snake bites, and since 1870 from 150,000 to 200,000 persons have perished in this way. India possesses more deadly snakes than any other country, and the bite of the cobra is often fatal within half an hour.

ODESSA, RUSSIA, April 19.—It has been resolved to hold another trial of Nihilists here previous to the time fixed for the coronation of the Czar. Twenty persons will be arraigned on the charge of propagating Nihilistic ideas among the workingmen. Fifty persons have been arrested for Nihilism during the last week. They include military officers, students, workingmen and the soldiers.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—F. G. Mack, who about four weeks ago at Morgan City attempted to pass one of the new nickels which had been plated as a five dollar gold piece, was convicted Tuesday in the U. S. Court, the jury strongly recommending him to mercy. Judge Billings yesterday sentenced Meck to one year at hard labor in the Chester, Illinois penitentiary and a fine of $1,000.

—"How old are you," said an ancient dame to a grinning little tarpot. "Well, if I goes by what mudder says, I's most ten, but if I goes by de fun I's had, I'se most a hundred." O! that all could measure their years in this way, but how many measure them by long night watches, and almost fatal coughing spells, which could have been cured by a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup taken in season.

MONTGOMERY, April 17.—William Dorsey, a machinist, had been on the lookout for burglars, and had put a pistol under his head to be ready for them. During the night his wife left the room in the dark while Dorsey was asleep. As she was coming back he awoke, and hearing a noise in the room, fired in that direction. The ball struck her in the breast and she died in a short time. Dorsey is overwhelmed with grief.

—The first full-rigged ship ever built of iron in the United States was launched Saturday afternoon at the yard of Mr. John Roach, at Chester, Pa. The ship launched is 170 feet over all, 284 feet on the low water line, 42 feet beam 23½ feet depth of hold, and with a dead weight of 3,750 tons of cargo will have an extreme draught of 21 feet 6 inches. With 2,500 tons of weight she will draw 18 feet 9 inches. It is calculated that she will carry 4,250 tons of measurement. The ship is to run between San Francisco, California and Portland, Oregon, Mr. Roach says if she succeeds there will doubtless be numerous orders for similar vessels. The cost of the vessel will be about $140,000.

—Charles F. Freeman, the religious fanatic of Pocasset, Mass., who, in 1879, slew his little daughter as a sacrifice to God, has been pronounced sane, and will now have to be tried on the pending indictment for murder. He now says that he was instigated by the devil, and his religious belief is entirely overturned. Mrs. Freeman, too, has renounced the Second Advent delusion, and feels more keenly than does her husband the terrible manner of her child's death. The Attorney-General will bring the case to some final settlement before the Supreme Court at Barnstable on May 1. Freeman will probably be acquitted on the ground of insanity, or be allowed to go on his own recognizance.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY

BUY PACIFIC GUANO.
The Oldest Fertilizer on the Market.
AND OF GUARANTEED UNIFORM COMPOSITION.
FOR RAISING FINE YELLOW TOBACCO IS UNEXCELLED.
Tobacco raised by this Fertilizer is noticeable for the following qualities:
—RAPID GROWTH, GOOD SIZE, WAXY LEAF.—
PRICE, THIS SEASON, $4.50 CASH; $5.00 ON TIME.
We refer you to the following farmers, who have used it:

JAS. REED, of Reed's P. O., Forsyth.
Rev. S. F. CONRAD, Lewisville, "
JONATHAN FLYNN, Pine Hall, Stokes,
JNO. MASTEN Esq., Winston.
ALEX. BAKER, Germanton, N. C.
T. J. CLARK, Nettle Ridge, Patrick Co. Va.
J. H. VANHOY, Sedge Garden, Forsyth.
Rev. J. H. CAUDLE, Quaker Gap, Stokes.
JOEL F. HILL, Wilson's Store, Stokes.
J. S. LYNCH, Westfield, N. C.
WM. WHITE, Pilot Mountain, N. C.
J. W. DALTON, Patrick C. H., Va.,

and hundreds of other good men throughout the Tobacco Belt.

REED BROS.,
Near Depot, WINSTON, N. C.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.
April 5, 1883.–14-2m.



—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York

"THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY."

Decidedly the most unique venture in a literary way to which the public has been treated, is the ELZEVIR LIBRARY, a new semi-weekly magazine. Each number contains some complete literary gem, a characteristic specimen of the best product of the brain of the author who is represented. It is thoroughly handsome in typography, and convenient in form, and is sold at a price so low that it is startling, only $2 a year for a volume of nearly 3,000 pages. The separate numbers vary in price; at two cents each we have Irving's famous "Rip Van Winkle," Canon Farrar's brilliant sketch of "The Burning of Rome," "Wilson's "Sea-Serpents of Science," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," by Jas. Parton, and others; at three cents each they are very handsomely *illustrated* numbers containing "The Life of Gustave Dore," by P. H. Norton, "Queen Mabel," by Ellen Tracy Allen, and "A Half Hour in Natural History," by S. H. Peabody; at six cents, there is a "Life of Washington Irving." by R. H. Stoddard; and at seven cents, Macaulay's famous "Life of Frederick the Great," at ten cents, two really beautifully illustrated numbers, one of which is Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, complete, and the other Charles Dickens' delightful Cricket on the Hearth. You can obtain the books from the news or book dealers, or from the publisher direct, who offers liberal terms to clubs. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, N. Y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, boys and girls make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PAY YOUR
CORPORATION TAXES

TAX PAYERS will please come forward at once and pay their taxes. The money is needed to pay for work done on the streets.

L. N. CLINARD, Collector.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 31, 1881.

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON
AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

—The largest and most complete assortment of
ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES
ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Josiah Atkins, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay; and all those having claims against said estate are requested to present them proven according to law within 12 months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

JOHN W. ATKINS, Administrator.

Feb. 13, 1883.

NEW YORK
WEEKLY HERALD.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the DAILY HERALD and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News

embracing complete and comprehensive dispatches from WASHINGTON, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising CATTLE, POULTRY, GRAINS, TREES, VEGETABLES, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving receipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

Skilled Labor

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets Crops, Merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market.

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a STORY every week, a SERMON by some eminent divine, LITERARY, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, PERSONAL and SEA NOTES. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

The New York Herald,

in a weekly form,

One Dollar a Year.

Address,
New York Herald,
BROADWAY and ANN STREET, New York.

LIFE OF ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

A Life of this eminent statesman and patriot whose name is now especially dear to all Southern hearts, is announced for publication early in April in the ELZEVIR LIBRARY – a fact of decided popular interest, because in that form it will be at once a beautiful souvenir, and within the reach of every Southern home. It is written by F. H. Norton, author of the "Life of General Winfield S. Hancock." "The life of Gustave Dore." It will contain an excellent portrait and other illustrations, making a volume of over 100 pages, and will be sold for the price of ten cents in paper or 25 cents for handsome cloth binding. It will be well to order at once from your local newsdealers, or from the publisher, to be sure of securing a copy from the first edition, as of course the demand will be very large. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, New York.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

—BIRTHDAY CARDS in great variety are on hand. The larger and more expensive styles can be ordered if applied for in time at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—Ninety-nine choice readings and recitations in People's Library style, price 10 cents. Also Beadle's Dime Speakers, and other School Speakers, at Salem Bookstore.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

HARPER'S.—Subscriptions for all of Harper's periodicals received at this office, in clubs with the PRESS.

Special Notice.

Next week we will issue a larger edition than usual, giving views of the cotton and wool mills of Messrs. F. & H. Fries, with a descriptive sketch. Advertisers would do well to embrace this opportunity to hand in their spring announcements, for the advertising or local columns. Space limited. Apply early. Terms moderate.

—Capt. J. E. Gilmer and lady have returned from Florida.

—We regret to learn that Charles Rothrock, Esq., lost a mare and colt a few days since.

—The Dogwood is white with blossoms and Time for corn and cotton planting has come.

—Col. A. H. Belo, of the Galveston, (Texas), *News*, spent a few days with his father in this place, last week.

—Internal Revenue collections in the Fifth District for the week ending Saturday April 21, 1883, $3,101.78.

—Chicken cholera is invading some of the poultry yards about town, and several persons have lost choice poultry.

—Considerable hail on Monday evening, some five or six miles below town. The weather cool and clear Wednesday morning.

—Prof. Rich, the magician, has gone on a tour South with his show. He gave an exhibition in Salisbury one night last week.

—Monday's noon train was several hours behind time on account of a mud-slide, on the N. C. Road, between Hight Point and Greensboro.

—Dr. W. P. Beall and Miss Nettie Settle, eldest daughter of Judge Thos. Settle, were married Wednesday evening of last week in Greensboro.

—Uncle Bob Fisher has inaugurated his night fishing and has already made several good catches. When uncle Bob fails at angling there is no use for others to try.

—We were pleased to see our young friend Julius Miller, of Bethania township, the other day. He reports his grist mill in fine condition and doing a good business.

—Dr. J. A. Butner and Prof. D'Anna are at home again after a few days absence in the Western part of the State. They report much damage by floods all along the Railroad.

—We notice that the gardens about town are full of little white butterflies. They deposit their eggs there, which produces a worm that is very destructive to vegetation.

—There is a town ordinance which prohibits obstructions being placed on the sidewalks. A certain man should bear this in mind the next time he deposits his quid of tobacco on the street.

—Jacob Cornish had the misfortune to have one of his legs badly crushed below the knee, (compound fracture) on Thursday last, while hauling logs near Clemmonsville.

—Last Sunday night will be remembered by many of our citizens, for some time, as we hear numbers say they were unable to sleep any during the storm which prevailed all night.

—Dr. Wolffe, of Pfaftown, who had one of his arms amputated, a couple of weeks ago, was able to leave his room, at the Salem Hotel, and return to his home, the latter part of last week.

—The Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. will meet in Raleigh on the 8th of May. Winston Lodge has elected I. H. Nelson delegate, and S. H. Smith alternate. Salem Lodge elects J. D. Tavis.

—"Fun in a Boarding School," was played to a tolerable good house on Monday night. The different characters were well sustained, and the inimitable "come again" of Prof. Jimcrack created lots of mirth, and is now a byword among the boys.

—Salem Siver Cornet Band has been engaged to play for three College Commencements this season, as follows: Oak Ridge Institute, May 29th; Trinity College, June 13th and 14th, and Davidson College, June 20th and 21st.

—The bear show has left Winston, and the tiresome monotony of "H-e-y, e-e b-e-a-r! m-o-n-k-a! c-l-i-m-b a t-r-e-e" is no longer heard. An old citizen remarked to us that it was the best riddance Winston ever had.

—The woods are glowing with the bright and fragrant honeysuckle or native Azalias, one of our most showy wild flowers, and the modest violet of several varieties, trilliums and the beautiful starlike bloodroot grace the hill sides and hedgerows, making a stroll among the fields and woodlands a pleasant recreation.

—The other day an old German friend was complaining bitterly about a load of hay he purchased which was so full of dust that his cow would not eat it. "Is it so bad as that?" asked a bystander.

"Vel, I yoost guess it vas, mine frent. Vy if I had a deed for der dirt vat ish on dot hay, I be haf der best blantation in Forsyth county," said the old gentleman from Germany, in answer to the bystander's question.

—Dr. W. H. Bobbitt will deliver the annual sermon before the Kernersville High School the 3rd Sunday in May, and Col. J. N. Staples, of Greensboro, the literary address on the Thursday following.

Ladies, Look!

Get your DRESS GOODS and CALICOES at C. R. WELFARE'S. Spring stock just received.

—As there may be some of our readers who do not know the exact nature of the game laws, we publish the following:

"It is unlawful to kill or shoot, trap or net any partridges, quail, doves, robins, larks, mocking birds or wild turkeys, between the 1st day of April and the 15th of October. The penalty is a fine not to exceed $10. It is unlawful to export from the State any quail or partridges, whether dead or alive; penalty: a fine not to exceed $50, or imprisonment not to exceed 30 days. It is unlawful at any time to take or destroy the eggs of partridges or quail, the penalty being a fine of not more than $50 or imprisonment for not more than 30 days.

TERRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—We regret to chronicle a most heartrending and fatal accident on Saturday morning last, about 10 o'clock, at Reich & Jones' grist mill. Amos Vogler, employed at the mill, went down into the pit among the gearing while the mill was running, when his clothes were caught in a large cog-wheel, and drew his body to an iron cog-wheel, which cut him in such a manner as to embowel him. The shock threw the band off and stopped the mill. He then held up his bowels, crawled up on the mill floor and called for help, but he was beyond medical skill and died on Sunday morning, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality. He leaves a wife and three children.

The Rain Sunday Night.

BRIDGES DAMAGED. — Boyer's bridge across Muddy Creek was washed out of place.

The bridge at Sides' Mill, on the Clemmonsville road, was also damaged so that it could not be crossed.

The road at Phillip's bridge, over Muddy Creek, was so badly washed out that it was considered dangerous and impassable.

Miller's Mill dam was broken.

Yadkin River was booming on Monday. Two flat boats and a batteau were loosened from their moorings and floated down stream. Much fencing gone, and lands badly washed.

The Greensboro *Bugle* says of Guilford county:

The results of the storm on Sunday night still continue to come in. Hamburg dam is gone; fifteen feet of Benbow's dam; the dam at Albright's mill, the dam at the old Davis mill, and bridges without number, the fine one at Freeman's mill among them. The stock law fence in the Reedy Fork neighborhood has, also, suffered severely. Mr. J. Van Lindley lost several thousand dollars worth of nursery stock.

IOLANTHE

was given in the best of style at the Opera-House, in Winston, on Thursday and Friday nights of last week. A large and appreciative audience greeted the company with rounds of applause. It is many years since we have enjoyed a musical treat like the above mentioned, and we are pleased to note that our home talent can render such operas with a vim and precision of professionals. With Sig. D'Anna as Director, success was assured from the start, yet we were agreeably surprised at the excellent work displayed. The characters were all well sustained, especially the leading ones. Mrs. H. E. Fries, as Phyllis, was bright and sprightly, her birdlike voice thrilled the audience with enthusiasm. The characters of Queen of the Fairies, Miss Siewers, and Iolanthe, Miss Waugh, were admirably well given. Miss L. Fries, as Lelia, Miss J. Winkler, as Fleta and Miss Lena Lott as Celia, attracted much attention and ably supported the leading characters of the Opera. The Choruses were exceptionably fine, with Prof. D'Anna at the Piano, every thing was prompt and artistic.

Mr. Ormsby as Lord Chancellor, and Messrs. McRee as Trolloller, Hester as Lord Mt. Ararat and Martin as Strephon, were inimitable in their various parts, as well as Messrs. Grogan as Trainbearer, and Lott as private Willis.

The costumes were elegant, and brought from New York especially for the occasion. The scenery was painted and mounted at home by Dr. Blum, and was all that could be desired. He certainly made a "hit" as a scenic artist. The presentation of an elegant baton to Prof. D'Anna was a pleasing surprise to all, and the address of Mr. Eugene Gray was excellent.

In the chorus of Peers were:

TENORS—Messrs. W. Leak, C. W. Vogler, S. Pritchett, G. Adkins and T. Butner.

BASSOS—Messrs. J. Butner, H. Giersh, W. Senseman, K. S. Lott, W. Brown and D. Butner.

In the chorus of Fairies were:

SOPHRANOS—Misses E. Fisher, M. Hunter, M. Butner, G. Jenkins, F. Fisher and D. Butner.

ALTOS—Misses A. Hauser, M. Welfare, L. Figher, L. Heisler, M. Lineback, S. Vest, M. Vogler and Lena Bell.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PENCILINGS BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

FORSYTH AND DAVIDSON COUNTIES.

—Oats is taking a fine start just now.

—Garden truck will be late this season, owing to wet weather.

—Samuel Eller lost seven hogs recently. Disease not known.

—Gardeners complain of a bad stand of cabbage plants this spring.

—Dogs killed eight sheep for Lafonzo Livengood one night recently.

—Wheat is growing fast, and there is a fine prespect for a good crop.

—Miss EMMA MCRARY died near Midway, Davidson county, on the 21st inst.

—Sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes seem to be plenty this spring, and sell cheap.

—From the number of calves killed this spring, cattle will continue to be scarce.

—David Jones predicts a good corn crop, because the Dogwood blossoms are plentiful.

—We fear the prospect for a peach crop is not so very good. Young fruit drops off too much.

—Martin Harmon, of Davidson county, who went to Missouri a few years ago, came home last Sunday.

—A son of the late David Motsinger, of Davidson county, was badly bruised by a small tree falling on him. He was caught under it while trying to dislodge it.

—Corn planting will necessarily be late. People could forward the growth of corn considerably by soaking it a day or two in a weak solution of copperas water before planting it.

—May comes in on Tuesday this year, consequently Christmas will be on Tuesday. The first day of May and Christmas of the same year always come on the same day of the week.

—The waters along Southfork and its tributaries were higher last Monday than they have been for a long time. Many brush dams were washed out of the gullies and considerable corn, just planted, washed up.

—Many complain of hawks carrying off young chickens. I believe it would be a good thing for each neighborhood to form a club requiring each member to pay a small fee, and offer to pay a premium—say 25 cents—for every hawk killed. This might cause boys, who like sport, to try their hand at the hawk destroying business.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

For the Press.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS, April 18th, 1883.

Messrs. Editors: —The corn planting season is about over. Corn is planted quite different here from what it is in North Carolina. It is all done by a machine drawn by two horses, planting two rows at a time. One man and team can plant twelve and fifteen acres in a day. Wheat is looking fine and promises fair for a good crop.

Measels have been raging in Wellington for the past few weeks; there were one hundred and fifty cases in town at one time, though there has not been over a dozen deaths in all.

Emigration has been large this Spring, mostly from Illinois and Kentucky, though almost every State is represented here. North Carolinians are scarce; among others is the family of the late Alexander Martin, of Guilford county, N. C. Mrs. Martin is very low with consumption.

The Prairie is beginning to look green at last, which causes the cattle men to rejoice, for it has been the severest winter ever known in this part of the country. A great many cattle died during the severe storms; one man losing forty head in one night.

I have just now received the *Press*, stating that Mrs. Reynolds, of Sunny Side, has had a mess of new potatoes, which is a little ahead of Kansas; but I would like for some of you to see the wheat fields out here. Yesterday I saw a fifty acre field that would average six inches high all over the field, which will probably make forty bushels to the acre.

The *Press* is received here every week in four days after it is printed and is read with great delight, especially the Kernersville letters; wish there was one in every week.

A band of horse thieves, from Texas, made a raid through this county last week; four of them were captured near Wellington, one of them was shot dead and one badly wounded; three were arrested at Wichita. J. C. S.

Davidson County Items.

[From the Lexington Dispatch.]

Col. John Myers died at the residence of Newton Craver, his son-in-law, near Yadkin College, last Monday, aged seventy-nine years. He leaves numerous descendants.

Married on the 16th inst., by S. B. Lore, Esq., Mr. JACOB SAPP to Miss LUCRETIA BERRIER.

JACKSON HILL, April 16.—A very serious accident occurred at this place yesterday. While E. L. Yarbrough was exhibiting a pistol, that was for sale in his store, to Willie McDowell, who was proposing to purchase it, it was accidentally discharged, the ball taking effect in the right hypochondrium of the said McDowell.

A school-house near Jackson Hill, was burned a short time ago, and on the night of the thirteenth instant, the planer and matcher belonging to S. A. Lewis, at this place, was destroyed by fire.

NOTICE.

The Board of Medical Examiners of the State of North Carolina, will meet in Tarboro, N. C., on Monday, May 20th, 1883.

Without a license from this Board, no physician who commenced to practice in North Carolina, after April 15th, 1859, can collect his fees by law.

Applicants for license will be examined in the various branches of medicine, and must give satisfactory evidence of good moral character, and that they have attained the age of twenty-one years. (See Laws of N. C., 1858-'59, and 1870-'71.)

PETER E. HINES, M. D., Pres.
HENRY T. BAHNSON, M. D., Sec'y.
Salem, N. C., April 23, 1883.

DIED.

In Davie County, on the 14th inst., Mrs. EMMELINE SPARKS, daughter of the late Stephen and Lisetta Douthit.

—A select lot of Olive Wood Ink stands, Paper Knives, Postal Stamp Boxes, &c., just opened at Salem Bookstore.

☞ Go to FRIES' for your FINE SHOES.

ST. LOUIS, April 21.—Four brothers named Barlow and two men named Galland and Winfield respectively, all desperadoes, living in the vicinity of Normanville, Kansas, and who are a terror to the community, went to the store of John Nomless, the postmaster at that place, the night before last and demanded liquor. On being refused they wrecked the store, robbed the safe and fired several shots from their revolvers, one of which mortally wounded the postmaster's wife. The gang then fled. Sheriff Blair with a *posse* has started in pursuit.

ST. LOUIS, April 21.—A dispatch from Austin, Texas, says that a gentleman largely interested in cattle and who has just returned from an extended trip among the ranches says that ninety-five herds of cattle, averaging 2,500 each, will be driven out of the State this spring. The entire drive is estimated at 240,000 head against 350,900 head last year. The most of these cattle will go to Dodge City, Kansas, and Agallala, Nebraska. The shipments by rail are said to be over estimated and will probably not exceed 50,000. Large herds of horses are also moving towards markets.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS is the newest novelty in metropolitan journalism. It is the only Illustrated Sunday Paper in the country and as far as we know the first. If it is, there never was a more creditable pioneer in journalism published. The illustrations are graphic in character, appropriate in selection and superb in execution, and the literary contents of a high order of merit. The Referee discourses on sporting matters with authority. The dramatic world is reviewed with snap and vigor by an "Insider," who evidently has a right to the name. And the Prowler recites the current sensations and scandals like a true man about town. The ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS has a career before it if Mr. Fox's efficient management does not relax.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 05 to 1 15
Corn, per bushel,	00 to 65
Oats, " "	50 to 60
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush.	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 75 to 3 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Pork,	8 00 to 9 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams'	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	12 to 00
Butter, per pound,	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 08
Beeswax, " "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 50
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00 to 3 00
Hay, per hundred,	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	3 00 to 4 50
" Good	7 00 to 9 00
" Bright	5 00 to 6 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 12 00
Fillers Common	4 00 to 6 50
" Good	7 00 to 8 00
" Fine	8 00 to 10 00
Wrappers Common	10 00 to 12 00
" Good	29 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 45 00
" Fancy	00 00 to 00 00

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FRUIT TREES
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Cradle Song, - - - *Mendelssohn.*
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Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, - *Barton.*
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Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

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Hinshaw & Bynum.

WINSTON, N. C., APRIL 5, 1883.

JANUARY 1883.

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Fourth Street, Winston, N. C.

TO THE READERS OF THE PRESS.

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HAVING this day qualified as administrator on the estate of Henry Perrel, deceased, all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make payment at once, and all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified to present them, proven according to law, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

HENRY A. LINEBACK,
Administrator.
March 2nd, 1883.-10.

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North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro		10 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro		11 28 p m
" Durham		12 08 a m
" Raleigh		1 25 a m
Leave		1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro		3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a. m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52. Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 0 a m	
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	
Leave	4 15 p m	
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	
Leave	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	1 10 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyer Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m. Ar. Raleigh 8 36 p. m. Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m. Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 22 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

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THE RING'S MOTTO.

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within the golden band."
The goldsmith graved,
With careful art—
"Till death us part."

The wedding bell rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O, wife,
Together we shall share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till Death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand,
(O, love, that this should be!)
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:
"Till Death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine!"

"And when Death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart,
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That troth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill,
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! alas!
That Death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who graved
With careful art,
'Till Death us part,'

"Now grave four other words for me,
'Till death us join.'" He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"Till Death us join."

A TRIP TO WOODVILLE.

"If Syra is as pretty at sixteen as she was at six, be sure and send her to me to spend the summer. My husband's nephew, Eustace Gaynor, is here, and I should like to have him make her acquaintance. It would be a good thing for Syra."

Thus ran the postscript of Mrs. Dora Smith's letter to her niece, Mrs. Lawton, who, seventeen years before, had married and left her home with her aunt to reside in the city. Aunt and niece had been almost uninterruptedly separated since.

The letter found Syra Lawton at the end of her first season. "Peachcheeks" her father called her; her mother's title for her was "Rosebud." You would not have detected a flaw probably in the girl's health, after her season of dancing and late suppers; but there was a slight languor and indifferent appetite. And then came Aunt Dora's letter.

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Lawton. "Post Syra right off, Nellie. She has had enough fashionable folly for this year. Send her right up to Aunt Dora, among the blueberry pastures!"

But Mrs. Lawton hesitated.

"I don't know as Syra would like it," she said.

She remembered the great kitchen at Oaklots, where most of her youth was spent, and it didn't seem likely that pretty Syra, playing waltzes with a dainty touch in the next room, would be contented there.

To be sure, Aunt Dora had a whole, comfortable and pleasant house; but she was very decided in her opinion that girls ought to learn to be good housekeepers, and her whole forenoons and many of her afternoons were spent in that same comfortable kitchen.

She made the whitest bread, sweetest butter and best jelly in the country. She could do almost everything to perfection, and she had sent Nellie forth into the world almost as capable a housekeeper as herself.

But with Mrs. Lawton it was different. Beautiful Syra had been too daintily kept to share in the labors of the house, where, in truth, household help was kept in such plenty that soiling those little hands had always seemed superfluous.

But Mrs. Lawton knew very well that Aunt Dora would disapprove such "bringing up" of the girl, and her conscience reproved her that Syra, at sixteen, could not make a loaf of bread.

"It would be a good experience for her, for Aunt Dora, though strict, was always very considerate in her training. Syra has been to too many dances this winter. The air is splendid at Oaklots. She shall go," she decided.

Then the subject must be broached to Syra with a certain tact that the trip might prove a success.

"My Aunt Dora wants you to come to Oaklots for the summer, dear—the most beautiful of all places! and father is very anxious you should be in the country this summer. You remember Aunt Dora, do you not?"

"No; but I should like to go very much," said Syra.

"Papa will go up with you the first of next month; and September 1, I will come up with the boys, make auntie a visit, and bring you home fresh as a rose and brown as a berry, I expect. But, Syra, Aunt Dora is very domestic, and will want you to learn the ways of a housekeeper and to assist her. I expect you will be willing?"

Syra said "Yes," lightly.

"She will want you to do things about a house and do them very nicely. It will be good for you, the training; and if sometimes a little irksome, be patient and faithful and try to please auntie, for she was the best friend of my girlhood. Will you remember this, my dear Syra?" And Syra promised.

The gay society season was quite at an end, and in the strong suns of April the girl imagined the country, of which she had seen little, would be beautiful. The parks and public gardens were already bright with emerald turf and white wisteria. She had a youthful love for such sights; wide old Oaklots would be a scene of enchantment, she believed. She had often heard her mother talk of the bloom-white apple orchard, the fields and brooks. She should have a delightful summer, she was sure.

But at the last moment it turned out that Mr. Layton could not accompany his daughter upon her journey, and Syra's mother could not go, for the two youngest boys were down with measles; but the letter was already dispatched announcing Syra's speedy coming, so it was desirable that she set forth at once, and the girl declared she was not afraid to go alone.

"There is no change of cars, my girl," said her father, as he snatched half an hour to see her aboard the train. "Twill go right through and be at Woodville before dark; Aunt Dora will have a carriage at the depot, or, if anything prevents, take the mail team—a very commodious vehicle, with a civil driver, who will pass her door on his way to the postoffice. Now see what a little woman you can be."

And with a look of solicitude and a word of encouragement he was off, and the cars rolled out of the depot, taking Syra upon her journey.

She had every essential for her trip, from her pretty traveling suit to a well-packed lunch basket and a book for reading.

It was a bright spring day, and Syra, having had her ticket punched and requested the conductor to notify her when approaching Woodville, leaned back in her seat with a feeling of enjoyment.

She was naturally fearless, and enjoyed the enterprise of her trip alone.

At noon she ate her lunch and commenced her book, which, diversified with watching the change of passengers, absorbed the afternoon. But she was getting a little tired when the conductor, passing, said:

"Next station's Woodville, miss."

Syra aroused herself and looked out at the window; lonely, gray fields and no houses. Ten minutes later she sprang out upon a platform station and looked bewildered about her.

The train rattled away; the few persons who had alighted with her disappeared, as if they had sunk into the ground. There was not a form in sight upon the cheerless spot but a long, lank young man, who alighted from an old wagon and approached her.

"Be you Mrs. Smith's niece, eh? Well, then, I'll take you right up."

Syra had mechanically responded to his question in the affirmative, but when her uncouth escort would have gallantly taken her hand to lead her to the wagon she drew back.

"In that?" she exclaimed, involuntarily. "I never rode in such a thing in my life!"

The young fellow looked from the dainty girl to the mud-bespattered old wagon, and answered:

"Reckon ye didn't. But that's what yer aunt sent me in fur ye, and I reckon ye'll have to go in it."

For a moment Syra silently contended with her emotions. She had expected her aunt in a comfortable family carriage to meet her. Such a reception as this seemed little short of an insult. But she remembered that she was quick-tempered and tired to control herself.

She certainly preferred to think no offense was meant, and swallowing the rising in her throat she walked to the wagon and climbed in.

"I'll bet she don't expect the likes of you," remarked the young man, ambiguously, as he mounted to a seat beside her and jerked the old lean horse into motion.

Syra did not reply; she was busy looking over the dismal landscape with a sickening heart—barren fields, leafless trees, small, poor, scattered houses, half-hidden in the gathering gloom.

And was this the young man her father had jestingly alluded to at parting, warning her to break no hearts before he saw her again? She thought not.

Syra had never felt so utterly miserable in her life as then, while she jogged along the lonely, darkening, muddy road replying in monosyllables to her companion's chat.

"Is Aunt Dora well?"

"Eh?" sharply.

"Is my Aunt Dora as well as usual?"

"I reckon she is. Never heard her called that before. However, I s'pose she is. Law! she don't have no time to be sick. I guess you'll find that out," meaningly.

At length they drew up before a low, unpainted, rambling farmhouse, with shutterless windows, bleakly unsheltered under the cheerless sky.

Syra began to fear she should cry, and cleared her throat briskly. The young man threw open the door.

"Walk right in. You'll find her."

Syra passed directly into a rude, unpainted kitchen as big as a barn, lighted only by a single small lamp. A great dog growled inhospitably at her from some dark corner, and if poor Syra had known of any refuge she would have turned and fled from this accumulation of horror.

As she stood silent in the gloom a door unclosed, and a tall, scantily-dressed woman came into the room, and having both hands full deftly kicked the door together behind her.

"Eh!" she said sharply, advancing to a small rickety table and setting down a milk pan and a plate of brown bread; "so you've come, have ye?"

"How do you do, auntie?" asked Syra, forcing herself to approach the very unsavory-looking lady and kiss her smoke-dried cheek.

"I'm well," answered Aunt Dora, placing her arms akimbo, and sharply surveying her little niece. "Well, of all things!" she ejaculated, at last.

A feeling of faintness came over Syra. She sat down, uninvited, and the very ugly dog came and smelled of her dress.

"I'd as lief you'd be ruggeder-looking," remarked Aunt Dora, drily, as she turned away.

Poor Syra! She had a very hard struggle with herself not to break into passionate sobs; but at length she conquered, and clearing her throat again attempted conversation.

"Did you expect me to-day, auntie?"

"Expect ye? Of course, I sent for ye."

"I know. Papa hoped to make the journey with me but couldn't. But I did very well alone."

"Well, draw right up here, eat your supper an' go to bed. I'll want you to help me to-morrow."

Quite quenched as to sociability, Syra took off her things, handing her pretty hat to her aunt, who surveyed the ostrich plume with curiosity and an audible sniff, and took a seat at the rickety table, whereon was the sickly lamp, the milk pan, brown bread and some coarse bowls and pewter spoons.

"Take right hold."

And seeing that Syra hesitated, Aunt Dora filled a bowl with milk, broke a slice of brown bread into it and pushed it toward the girl.

The lady's hands were very dirty, the bread was very sticky and peculiar in flavor, and Syra could only pretend to force down a few mouthfuls. She was dizzy and faint and would have given much for a cup of her mother's delicious chocolate.

Seeing that she did not eat her companion suddenly presented her with a cup of very black-looking tea.

"I s'pose yer tired," she said, not unkindly.

"Yes, aunt, I am very tired. I'll go to bed at once, if you please."

Mrs. Dora rose with an energetic alacrity peculiar to her, and, seizing the lamp, led the way up a cold, dark stairway to a bedroom, with damp, bare, white walls, and a great feather bed, piled high with homemade quilts.

She sat down, with no apparent idea of giving offense, watched Syra undress, openly examined her skirts and stockings, and when the girl had shiveringly crept into bed between the sheets of ice, took the light away.

"I'll call ye in the morning," she said.

If the evening had been unpleasant, the night was torture. It seemed to Syra that she should perish with cold and dread of her forbidding surroundings.

At 10 o'clock she heard her male companion come stumbling up the stairs and retire upon a creaking bedstead somewhere in the neighborhood.

But not one moment all night did she forget her sufferings. Just before dawn she lost consciousness of her misery, when a rude hand grasped her shoulders.

"Good land! This is a pretty beginning! Goin' to sleep all day? It's past 5 o'clock! I've called ye twice!"

Poor Syra started giddily up in the gray light in amaze. At home she often lingered on her luxurious pillows after the bell had sounded a quarter to 7 through the summer warmth of the furnace-heated house.

Such a terrible day as that was! Mrs. Dora instructed her, in as few words as possible, in washing a stack of milk cans and pans, and the soft-soap and scalding water were anguish to her tender hands.

Then she was set to paring apples for pies, until an indelible stain of apple-juice was set in the poor little fingers, which she regarded so ruefully that Mrs. Dora took notice.

"Oh, ye can't keep yer hands white here! I didn't get ye fer that."

Poor Syra! She stumbled about in her aunt's long calico dress, mixed brown bread and "ginger cakes," ironed, swept, scoured knives and forks, brewed yeast and churned. She could not eat the breakfast of salt fish and potatoes, or the dinner of fried pork and eggs, the latter being cooked to the consistency of sole leather; and trembling with fatigue, she was at length caught with two great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dora. "Don't know nothin', an' don't eat nothin', an' now cryin'!"

Syra sank into a chair in a tempest of tears.

"Oh, I can't help it! I'm so tired—and so—so sick!"

Voices outside the door—a knock. There was Mrs. Dora's nephew, a tall, stout girl, very bashful, a carriage containing a sweet-faced, elderly lady and a pleasant young gentleman.

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith?" said the former. "There has been a mistake. I expected my niece last night at the depot. My nephew was a little late for the train and did not find her. This morning's express brings this—your niece. Is mine with you?"

Mrs. Smith nodded.

"Law sakes!" she said, turning to Syra. "So that's your aunt—Mrs. Dora Smith, of Oaklots—rich folks! I'm Dorothy Smith. I thought it queer my sister should send on such a peaked thing as you are!"

Syra waited to hear no more. She tore off Mrs. Dorothy's calico, hurried on her own things and ran out to the carriage.

"Why, my darling!" cried sweet Aunt Dora, and Syra clung speechlessly to her for a moment. "I couldn't sleep last night for worrying over why you had not come, and Eustace here was up bright and early, to be on hand for the morning's express. He found that young woman, whom he was sure wasn't you, inquiring for Mrs. Smith, and the station agent told a strange story of a very pretty girl riding off with Joel Smith last night."

"So glad we have found you!" said Nephew Eustace to Syra, with the kindest of reassuring smiles.

Syra's journey was at an end. It was delightful at Oaklots, Aunt Dora the wisest and dearest of teachers and friends and when mamma came up in September, she was not displeased that there was a diamond engagement ring on her daughter's little hand.—*Esther Serle Kenneth.*

Burnside and the Kentucky Belle.

Major Ben Perley Poore, the well-known Washington correspondent, has recently published a life of General Burnside. The general was a native of Indiana, and was entered as a cadet at West Point from that State. He was graduated in the class of 1847, went to Mexico and joined the army under Scott then engaged in "conquering a peace" from that country. After the successful close of the war he was granted a furlough and visited his family, residing at Liberty, Union county. "While at home on a previous visit," says his biographer, "Lieutenant Burnside had made many acquaintances in the neighboring town of Hamilton, O. Among them was a Kentucky belle, who united to the vivacity of the North the soft and languid style of the South. She was highly educated, and her industry in acquiring knowledge was only surpassed by her conversational power to impart it to others. The young officer was dazzled by her personal beauty and accomplishments, charmed by her affability and bewitched by her fascinations. Offering his hand, it was accepted; the necessary license was procured, and on the appointed day for the nuptials the young couple stood up before a clergyman to be joined in wedlock. Asked whether he would take the woman to be his wedded wife, etc., Burnside responded affirmatively, but when the question was put to her whether she would take him for her husband, etc., she said 'No,' and could not be prevailed upon to change her mind. A few years afterward a distinguished Ohio lawyer obtained from the same lady a promise to marry him, and the wedding day was fixed. He had heard of Burnsides' humiliation, and on their way to church exhibited a revolver, and admonished her that she would return either his wife or a corpse. When the important question was propounded she promptly replied—whether from love or fear—'I will,' and made a most devoted wife.

"By a curious coincidence General Burnside, when in command of the military district of the Ohio, the lady's mother and sister were arrested as they were about to go South, carrying correspondence and articles contraband of war on their persons. The general ordered them to be sent through the lines, and the husband of his former lady love had hard work to obtain from President Lincoln permission for them to return home."

Quietly Sarcastic.

He came home late the other night, and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match trying to light the cold water tap over the marble basin in his dressing room.

"James," she said, "that is not the gas burner."

"I know it, my love," he replied, unsteadily; "fact is, I've been overworked, and that's the reason I made the mistake."

"Yes, you look as if you had been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered, as she returned to her pillow.

The postal money orders in the country last year aggregated $120,000,000, of which $6,500,000 were on foreign account. The net profit to the government was $165,000.

THE QUEEN'S WATCH DOG.

JOHN BROWN, THE PERSONAL ATTENDANT OF VICTORIA.

In Her Service Thirty-four Years—The Queen's Attachment for Her Attendant—The Trouble Which He Caused at Court.

John Brown, the well-known personal attendant of Queen Victoria, who died recently at Windsor castle, at the age of fifty-six, had passed thirty-four years in the service of her majesty and the late prince consort. John Brown in England was much more widely known than many of the members of the nobility, and throughout the long years of his faithful service the queen was attached to him so greatly that he often became a bone of contention among the courtiers who were jealous of his influence over her majesty. He was a Scotchman, the son of a small farmer who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He began his service in the royal family as a gillie, in 1849, and was selected by Prince Albert and the queen to go with her majesty's carriage. He was with Victoria continually during her life in the highlands of Scotland from 1848 to 1861, entering the service of the royal pair permanently in 1851, when his duty was to lead the queen's pony on her excursions. After the death of the prince consort in 1861, Victoria became more than ever attached to her humble Scotch servant, and in December, 1865, she promoted him to the position of personal attendant or body guard to herself. From that time until his death the queen never appeared in public without John Brown, and he followed her everywhere. His wishes were often much more potent than those of the members of the court, and whenever he was ill a Scotch physician was brought from Scotland to attend him, because John had no faith in English medical skill. Of late years Brown's overbearing and dictatorial manners have caused a good deal of unfavorable comment among the nobility and others, whom he annoyed when they were visiting the queen. He was not liked by the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Edinburgh, who complained that he did not know his place; but the more he was snubbed by nobles and princes the more graciously the queen smiled upon him and added to the favors which she bestowed on him. Among the special favors granted him was the exclusive right to shoot over some of the royal preserves, and quite recently the queen threw open the state apartments at Windsor, at his request, for the mayor of Windsor, after having refused to do so for others of high rank. John Brown proved an invaluable man to the queen's household, and his personal attachment to his mistress was undoubted. His personal anxiety on her account amounted almost to a mania. It is said that he was greatly worried two years ago when the queen was shot at by a lunatic, because he had not been able to prevent the shot from being fired, and because the man was captured by strangers in the crowd instead of himself.

John Brown was not treated by the queen as a mere servant. He was rather a friend and confidential adviser. He was not of importance enough to be admitted to the royal table, but he was too great a man to eat with the servants of the household, and the result was that when the queen traveled three lunches had to be prepared—one for the royal party, one for the servants and a third one for John Brown. It is said that John, with the proverbial Highland shrewdness, feathered his nest well during the long years of his service. A recent London letter speaking of him, shows the familiarity which existed between him and the queen, and the trouble which it caused at court: "Ladies in waiting of exalted rank," it says, "have rebelled openly against the breach of etiquette his familiarity has created, and refused to be made a party to it; but, snubbed by them, he was only the more graciously treated by his royal mistress. He follows the queen like a shadow from palace to palace, in public and in private, behind her chair at her meals, in the rumble of her carriage in her drives, bending over to exchange a few words, and calmly possessing himself of her field-glass to inspect some distant maneuver at a review." The queen herself, writing of John Brown in 1867, in a foot-note in her "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," says: "His attention, care and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful, in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted and disinterested, always ready to oblige and of a discretion rarely to be met with." Brown was a heavily built, fine-looking Scotchman, six feet one inch in height, with a broad chest and a well-developed muscle. He had a large, full face and high forehead, a well-shaped head, with gray hair at the sides, well brushed up to hide the bald spot on top. His appearance and his devotion to the queen caused him to be known throughout England as the "Watch Dog."—*New York Times.*

How Not to Drown.

Many persons have wondered that all animals seem to possess an instinctive knowledge of swimming, and that man alone lacks this gift. Dr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not necessary that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should drown, if he will depend on the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph:

When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot "swim" falls into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface and is virtually insubmergeable. In order, then, to escape drowning, it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage as to his relative weight, in respect to the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instruction or drilling whatever. Throw a dog in the water and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do the same. The brute, indeed, walks the water instinctively, whereas a man has to be told.

Dark basket straw bonnets, trimmed with wild roses, are sometimes accepted favorites.

FASHION NOTES.

Double apron fronts for dresses are revived.

Bright plaids are much worn by children.

Plain silk mitts are more worn than lace ones.

All colors are fashionable, but red is most in favor.

Lace of all kinds is still to be used in great profusion.

Long French mits in silk, in shades to match costumes, are preferred to kids.

Pipings and cordings in bright material are profusely used on children's dresses.

All the different shades of pink and of golden and reddish browns are in demand.

The mode of cutting and finishing garments in the tailor style gains in popularity.

The Newmarket jacket is now the favored completion to walking and visiting toilets.

The newest ornaments are in tortoise-shell inlaid with gold, iridescent beads and amber.

Plain ottomans, double-faced satins and velvet ribbons faced with satins are the standards.

The chudda, Virginia and cricket cloths are employed for soft and attractive costumes.

Watteau and æsthetic wrappers, made with yokes on which a full skirt is shirred, will be worn.

Some Annoyances of Russian Life.

No one is allowed to enter Russia without a passport duly vised, or to leave the country without a stamped permission to do so. But these passports are easily obtained, and can be duly vised in London and elsewhere without person application. They contain simply the name, without any description of the travelers; they are collected and submitted to the authorities by the captain of the ship on entering the country, and by the hotel-keeper when permission to leave is required, and while causing great annoyance and some expense to the ordinary traveler, they seem of little use for detective purposes. The hotel-keepers at St. Petersburg are obliged, under heavy penalties, to report to the police twice a day the names of all travelers who enter or leave their hotels. Each householder in the city is compelled by the government to have a "Dvornick" to watch his premises. These dvornicks are men of the peasant class, who sit day and night wrapped in their sheepskins at the entrance of the houses, their office being apparently that of half watchmen, half spy. An order was issued a short time ago that no one should walk in the streets of St. Petersburg without a passport, but the absurdity and annoyance of the proceedings were such as to compel the withdrawal of the order. Newspaper editors are only allowed to give, on certain subjects, such views as are permitted by the government, and on some questions are forbidden to write at all. Foreign newspapers are stopped at the postoffice, often held back altogether, and when delivered at all have any objectionable parts or paragraphs stamped out and made illegible. The London *Times* frequently appears with paragraphs or portions of the columns blocked out in this manner. A gentleman received his newspaper a short time ago with the whole of it cut away with the exception of the advertisements. It would take too long to enumerate the many petty and other annoyances which official zeal imposes on the ordinary life of the Russian people, and which have to be accepted without public remonstrance or criticism.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Favored the Plaintiff.

An Arkansas man who was ejected from a railroad car shortly afterward brought suit for damages, and after a long and interesting hearing of the case the judge delivered the following charge to the jury:

The plaintiff boarded the train for the purpose of traveling a short distance. He had no money—a fact which he frankly confessed. There was plenty of room in the car, so the plaintiff was in no one's way. The train was in the habit of traveling the road—in fact, it has to go along there. The train would have to arrive at its destination just as soon if the plaintiff had not been on board. The machinery would not have been worn any more by hauling the plaintiff. The president of the road would not have been in the least injured. And now, in view of all these facts—that the train had to go any way, that there was plenty of room in the car, and that the train would not have been injured by the plaintiff—I charge you to bring in a heavy judgment in favor of the plaintiff, and then, as a healthful example to all parties concerned, the conductor be sent to jail for six months, and also that the clerk of this court furnish the president of the road with an account of these proceedings, together with an opinion that he, the president, don't live far enough up the creek to tramp on the coat-tail of this court.

THE MARKETS.

9

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	9	@	9¾
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@	9½
Sheep	3½	@	6
Lambs	7	@	8½
Hogs—Live	7¼	@	7¾
Dressed, city	9½	@	10
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 25	@	7 00
West., good to choice	4 60	@	7 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 18¼	@	1 19¼
No. 1 White	1 10	@	1 10½
Rye—State	76	@	76½
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	1 00
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	59	@	69¼
Yellow Southern	63	@	69
Oats—White State	54	@	57¾
Mixed Western	50	@	52
Hay—Med. to ch. Timothy	65	@	85
Straw—No. 1, Rye	55	@	60
Hops—State, Choice	80	@	85
Lard—City Steam	11 20	@	11 25
Butter—State Creamery	31	@	33
Dairy	24	@	29
West. Im. Creamery	18	@	24
Factory	13	@	18
Cheese—State Factory	9	@	14½
Skims	5½	@	6½
Western	8	@	14
Eggs—State and Penn	18	@	18½
Potatoes—State bbl	2 37	@	2 50
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Good to Choice	5 80	@	6 45
Lambs—Western	6 00	@	7 00
Sheep—Western	5 40	@	6 00
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	7 65	@	7 75
Flour—C'y ground n. process	7 50	@	8 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 30	@	1 30
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	64	@	64½
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	49	@	50
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@	80
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	14 50	@	16 50
Hogs—Live	7¾	@	8
City Dressed	8½	@	8¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	16 50	@	17 00
Flour—Spring Wheat patents	7 00	@	7 50
Corn—High Mixed	74	@	75
Oats—Extra White	60	@	61
Rye—State	80	@	85
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET			
Beef—Extra quality	7 12½	@	7 75
Sheep—Live weight	4¾	@	6½
Lambs	5¼	@	7½
Hogs—Northern, d. w	9½	@	9¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 00	@	5 50
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 19	@	1 19¼
Rye—State	70	@	70
Corn—State Yellow	82	@	82
Oats—Mixed	69	@	69
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa.	34	@	35
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	14	@	14½
Petroleum—Crude	6	@	7
Refined	[illegible]	@	[illegible]

G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

Get money honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly it is a power for good; and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Would you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay, as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be *money*. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

Oh, I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient perusal will prove. Those who have keen insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all, light will dawn ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected catarrh, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, churchyard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money on doctors and physics and was nothing bettered. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans, when, lo! on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Death, the black-visaged monster, had until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said, "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure—sure, safe, harmless, prompt and reliable. Get well and seek to take health thereby to others. Behold the cure!" With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Dreams before, but never such as this." Startled and surprised he aroused his wife and to her related his vision. Alas, she could not solve the problem. Remembering all the medical advice, and the physic, and the expense involved since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned in reply and remarked that if he had to consult any more there would have to be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clew. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that should suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Tired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will *Pierce* this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fiber of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry Eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple, of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh, what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monagram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P.; and one huge P, around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer,—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, P. F., it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors, telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery, Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

Alas, that human nature is so slow to believe—alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Measure Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. If the key be not on your *right* hand it is at least on your *left*, in letters clear as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initial of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

Search but awhile and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones' vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we cannot but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P. Virtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

Reader, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. F., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists, all of them, and its president, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P of Mr. Jones' second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well, read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

You will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can secure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent postpaid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

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An Internal Revenue Officer Saved.

Editor of Boston Herald:

DEAR SIR—During my term of service in the Internal Revenue Department of the United States, at the time my office was in this city, I was afflicted with a severe attack of kidney disease, and at times suffered intensely. I received the medical advice of some of our best physicians for a long time, without being benefited by their prescriptions. Being discouraged by the failure of the doctors to help me, and being urged to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had tested its merits, although reluctant to try a patent medicine, I was finally induced to try the Remedy, and procured two bottles of it, and commenced taking it faithfully according to the directions. Before I had taken it three days the excruciating pains in my back had disappeared, and before I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. Whenever, from overexertion or a violent cold, the pains in my kidneys return, a few doses of Hunt's Remedy quickly effects a cure.

Before closing I beg to mention the remarkable cure of a friend of mine in New York City, to whom I recommended this valuable medicine. He was suffering severely from an attack which was pronounced by his physician a decided case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I obtained two bottles of Hunt's Remedy for him, and he commenced taking it, and began to improve at once, and was speedily restored to health, and he attributes the saving of his life, under the blessing of a merciful Providence, to Hunt's Remedy.

Another friend of mine in New York, to whom I recommended Hunt's Remedy, was suffering severely from kidney disease, and was entirely cured of it after using this wonderful medicine only a short period.

Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits experienced by my friends and myself from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel it to be my duty, as well as a great privilege, to furnish you this voluntary and unsolicited statement of facts for the information of your large number of readers, many of whom are undoubtedly suffering from this widely-spreading scourge, and I believe that it is the best medicine now known, and that it will cure all cases of kidney diseases that can be cured.

I shall be pleased to confer with any one who may desire an interview regarding the statements herein contained. Truly yours,

RICHMOND HENSHAW, 99 Messer Street.

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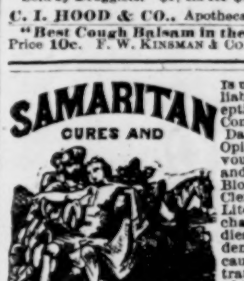
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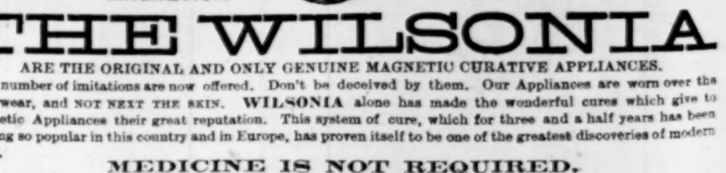
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